THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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GO REST, LITTLE ONE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY J. R. COLHOUER.

Go rest, little one, with the green turf above thee,
Thy dangers are past, and thy race is now o'er,
Too soon hast thou gone, for none knew but to love thee,
Yet o'er thy departure we will not deplore.
Thou art like the fair rose-bud nipt in the morning,
Ere yet its sweet fragrance was scattered around,
Yet, fond little heart, thou art heaven adorning,
Where sunshine and glory forever surround.

If thou hadst but lived till the dawning of manhood,
Thy fate and thy fortune, what would it have been?
Up the bright path of truth with the saints wouldst thou wandered?
Or downward have sunk in the pathway of sin?
Thou art best as thou art, although timelessly fading,
Thy spirit has flown to the world whence it came,
To dwell there in glory through ages unchanging,
Where the slave and the monarch alike are the same.

At eve when thy mother shall seek her lone pillow,
Affection soft stealing will bid her to weep
For the babe of her bosom who lies neath the willow,
With the rose blooming over its low couch of sleep.
Thy spirit will look from the skies on her anguish,
And whisper this truth to her lone, bleeding breast,
Oh! all ye of earth who in misery languish,
Go trust in Jehovah and ye shall have rest.

Go rest in thy home in the portals of heaven,
No more of the sorrows of earth shalt thou know,
And partake of the blessings so bountifully given
To all who have honored and served Him below.
Thou art like the fair rose-bud nipt in the morning,
Ere yet its sweet fragrance was scattered around,
Yet, fond little heart, thou art heaven adorning,
Where sunshine and glory forever surround.

A FLIRTATION AND A DUEL;

OR,

A GIRL'S REVENGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ESSEX.

Paul Delavan had brought his friend, Mark Lancaster, to visit him in his pretty cottage at Hayten. By the death of his father, Paul was left alone in the world, heir to a pretty estate, and a neat fortune in stocks; but his home seemed lonely when he came to it after a gay winter in the city, and he was very glad to induce Mark Lancaster, one of the most fascinating men of the day, to come with him to the quiet village and help him to enjoy the good fishing and shooting the neighborhood afforded.

The afternoon after their arrival, the two friends were riding on horseback through a pretty grove; the air was odorous with the fragrant pines, the trees so grateful in their cool shade that they allowed their pace to drop into a walk, as they enjoyed the quiet beauty of the summer scene.

"How delightfully still it is here," exclaimed Mark. "After all, the country is refreshing when one is used up with city dissipations."

"Refreshing! I should think so—it's glorious," said Paul, whose fresher nature had a keener appreciation of the tranquil charms, than his friend's more *blase* organization was capable of.

"This is charmingly primitive here, we hardly seem to startle the birds, or disturb the almost enchanted quiet. See that brown rabbit! why he scarcely seems to regard our presence!" And indeed the little bunny glided out into the middle of the road, paused there quite unconcernedly, and then, as if suddenly conscious of danger, started for a rapid flight for the woods.

"Ah! what was that?"

For before the little creature could reach the shelter there was the sharp crack of a pistol, and it leaped in the air and fell to the earth quivering in a death agony.

"Shot through the heart!"

A light, girlish voice uttered the words, and at the same moment the branches parted and a young lady sprang down beside the rabbit. She was a very pretty female Nimrod, with a dress of dark cloth fitting tightly to her round figure, the full skirt looped up to display small feet encased in stout boots, a dashing hat resting on the dark curls and shading a face full of a fascinating sort of beauty, with its bright, black eyes, and clear, dark complexion. The pistol she held in her hand pointed her out at once as the *sportsman*, and the shot-bag and powder flask which hung at her waist, showed her thoroughly equipped for her work. As she glanced up from the dead rabbit, she caught sight of the two young men who had reined in a few paces down the road.

"Hillos! Paul, how do you do?" she cried, with a faint rise of color, as she met the blue eyes of his stranger companion fixed upon her with a well bred but somewhat amazed stare.

"How are you, Beatrix. At your old sport? But this is not the time of year to be murdering those little innocents."

"I know it; I only shot it to keep my hand in."

"Then you don't fear the law?"

"Not a bit!" with a defiant toss of the pretty head. "I should like to see them try to fine me!"

Paul laughed.

"It would be dangerous, no doubt. But, Beatrix, this is my friend Mr. Mark Lancaster, of whom you may have heard me speak—Miss Beatrix Linwood."

The two bowed—Mark with ceremonious politeness, Beatrix with a sort of dashing good fellowishness.

"What an idea you will give him of our Hayten girls!" Paul continued.

"Oh, they are not all like me, Mr. Lancaster; there is not one of them that's not afraid of the shooting-irons."

"And I don't know but I should be too," said Mark, "if you often fire across the highway in that reckless style. Suppose we had been a rod or so further down the road just now?"

"Oh, I should not have fired. I had a full view of the rabbit; and should have seen you also."

"Death at such fair hands is perhaps after all an honor," said Mark, gallantly.

Beatrix blushed as she encountered again the full admiring gaze of those fascinating eyes, and Paul said,

"How did you get here, Beatrix? did you walk?"

"Walk! why it must be five miles from town," exclaimed Mark.

"That's nothing," she said, with a toss. "I often do walk it, but to-day I am riding; my pony is fastened just down the road."

"Then do mount, and ride with us," said Paul.

"All right, old fellow! I will."

She walked on before them. Mark watching the perfect outlines of her round form with the admiration of a *connoisseur*.

"A very handsome girl, Paul. Any relation to you?"

"No, indeed. Why?"

"I thought she must be, from her free and easy manner to you."

"Oh, that's her way. I have known her though for years. But ten to one, she'll be just so to you in a week."

"Who is she?"

"The daughter of one of my wealthy neighbors. She has no mother; and is an only child. Her father is away a great deal; and she has grown up pretty much as she pleased."

"She is rather *loud*, but decidedly refreshing, after our timid city girls. I think it would be rather amusing to try a flirtation with her," said Mark, his eyes still fixed on the pretty brunette.

"Be a little careful, Mark. I fancy she could be dangerous if fairly aroused."

Mark shrugged his shoulders. "My dear fellow, I am quite old enough to look out for myself."

By this time they had reached the tree where Beatrix had fastened her pony.

"Ah, Tiger," she said, as the horse raised his head at her approach, "tired of waiting?"

She rapidly unfastened the bridle, but not before Mark Lancaster had sprung down to assist her.

"No, no, Mr. Lancaster, I want no help—why, what do you suppose I do when I have no city *elegants* to wait on me?"

"But since I am here, you will surely permit me the pleasure."

"Well, hold Tiger's bridle, then, for a moment, if you please, while I loosen my skirt."

With a rapid movement she let the long folds of her dress fall from their confinement, and then before Mark could aid her, with one leap she sprang from the ground into the saddle.

"Bravo! splendidly done, Miss Beatrix," cried Mark.

"It is nothing," she said, as she reined up the restive animal. "Why will men make such a fuss about women's doing what *they* do every day! For my part, I can't see why we have not a right to do all that you do, *Messieurs*."

"Certainly," assented Mark, with an amused smile. "Then you would drink, swear and smoke."

"I see no reason why I have not the *right* to do so if I choose. Swearing does not suit my taste, nor drinking either. I do smoke when it suits me."

"Ah! perhaps you will try a cigar now?"

"No, this is not my time. But come, if you two like such a stupid, jog trot pace, I don't. Tiger is getting very impatient, if you ride with me you must ride my gait."

The young men assented to this, and they all dashed down the road, Paul's two first rate horses rather put to it to keep up with the admirable speed of Beatrix's thorough paced animal.

As we had said, Mark Lancaster was very much struck with this new and piquant beauty. From that afternoon, regardless of all his friend's warnings, he devoted himself to her.

"My dear fellow," he said, laughingly, when his attentions had grown so pointed as to attract universal remark, "it amuses me, and it won't hurt her."

"Then you are not serious?"

"Serious! my dear Paul! Do you suppose I would marry a female horse jockey! a hard rider and a sharp shooter! Why, I should as soon think of wedding a whirlwind as that imperious, ill regulated, but certainly very fascinating girl."

"And you don't consider what suffering you may cause her when you go away!"

"Suffering! oh, I'm hardly coxcomb enough to think she cares very much for me, and if she does, it will only do her good, tone her down a little, make her perhaps a little less domineering."

Paul sighed. "You are an incorrigible flirt, Mark, but I have always feared some day your recklessness would bring you into trouble."

The remonstrance was of no effect whatever. That evening Mark was again by the side of Beatrix Linwood. They were to go rowing on the river together, but Beatrix was to be the oarsman, Mark the guest. He was a little behind hand in starting for his appointment, and was therefore considerably amazed on going out of the cottage gate, to meet Beatrix already equipped for the expedition.

"Why, Beatrix, what brought you here?"

"I came for you," she said, carelessly. "You were late, so I came after you. There! don't look shocked. What's the difference, Mark? why should not I come for you, just as much as you for me?"

"But, my dear Beatrix, are you not afraid of the consequences of such unusual conduct?"

"Afraid?" she repeated, contemptuously; "no, indeed, as long as I am doing nothing wrong, why should I care?"

"But other people might not think so; ill natured things might be said."

"Not of me."

"Why not of you as well as others?"

"Because they would not dare! People know I am not to be trifled with."

"Why, what would you do?"

"Call them out!" she said, defiantly. "I have not learned to be a good shot for nothing. I would put a bullet through any man who insulted me as easily as I did through that rabbit the other day."

"You're a plucky little piece, Beatrix," he said, laughingly. "I dare say you would not be very tame under an outrage."

"I bet you!"

And by this time they had reached the river and the spot where Beatrix's own boat was moored. It was a light, graceful affair, and as they embarked she had more than once to caution Mark on his unsailor-like way of stepping in a racing boat that would upset at a turn. After seeing him safely seated in the stern, Beatrix flung off the cloak she had worn, and displayed a neat boating costume, a white flannel shirt tied with a blue cravat, a short dark skirt, and a straw hat with a blue ribbon.

"You are as fascinating on the water as on land," said Mark, as they pushed off from shore, and he sat admiring the graceful form and the handsome, flushed face of his companion. She laughed gayly, as she glanced back at him.

"I think I am ahead of you, just now, Mark. I am the worker, while you have nothing to do but to sit there idly and pay compliments."

"I like the duty very well."

He leaned back on the cushions, very handsome and stately, with his aristocratic features, his fair complexion and chestnut hair, and moustache. Beatrice looked at him every now and then as the boat sped on under her powerful strokes, until the concentrated power of his gaze confused and embarrassed her, her own eyelids drooped, and she felt her cheeks burning under that admiring and audacious gaze. She dreaded lest those blue eyes should read in hers the secret of her own heart, and was glad of the deepening of the friendly shades of night.

Two miles up stream Beatrix pulled, and then turned the boat round, shipped the oars, and ceased from her labors.

"Splendidly rowed, Beatrix," said Mark. "You've done those two miles as neatly as the most practised oarsman could have done them, and now I suppose your work is over."

"Yes, we can float down again with the current."

She took off her hat, and tossed back the thick short curls from her forehead.

"Can't you come and sit by me?" said Mark. "It is very stupid for me to be among these cushions alone, and you off there."

With a blush she allowed him to assist her to a seat beside him. It was very lovely on the river, with the moonlight on the wooded shore and the sparkling stream, and the hush of the beautiful summer night around them. Mark looked at the pretty face beside him, and his strong instincts for flirtation and fascination got the better of all honorable scruples.

"You are very handsome, Beatrix."

"Nonsense, old fellow; don't talk folly. Let's try a weed."

But though she spoke gayly, her voice trembled, and she could not conceal the deep blush that swept over her cheeks.

"All right, comrade."

Mark responded thus jestingly to her words, but as he struck a match to light a cigar, his eyes rested full upon her face as it was lit up by the glare, and he noticed all its blushes and the timid glance of those black eyes that had been always so bold.

"By Jove, Mark! You are fairly ruining me with your city compliments and your eternal staring."

She tried to throw off the fascination that was creeping over her, by thus meeting it boldly, but none the less the dreamy influence stole away her defiant indifference.

For a little time the two smoked in silence, a silence that was more dangerous for Beatrix than words. Then Mark said:

"I never before imagined that a woman could be dangerous when smoking; but you, Beatrix, are perfectly irresistible."

"Now, Mark!"

"Oh! I must say it despite all your saucy prohibitions—you are handsome and captivating. And oh! Beatrix, you know I admire you."

He stole his arm round her waist as he spoke. Beatrix half struggled, half yielded, to the touch.

"Let me try if smoking will spoil the kiss, my pretty darling."

The blushing face was half averted, but, bending down, Mark pressed his lips to hers.

The rest of the evening was all a beautiful dream to Beatrix, but when it was over, and she tried the next morning to recall what he had said, she was seized with a vague uneasiness. She could not remember one word of actual love, one serious promise for the future. But then he had been very tender and affectionate, he had called her all sorts of pet names, and in her utter ignorance of the insincerity of the great world and the votaries of fashion, Beatrix thought that he must have meant all that she could wish, and so let her heart rejoice in her intense happiness, without one doubt or distrust of the man she loved.

Mark had now a new attraction in his visits to Beatrix, and he spent the principal part of the time with her in the next week. Still he carefully avoided "committing himself," thinking, with the false creed of a heartless man of the world, that he was in no wise bound to the girl whose affections he had won, simply because he had once said, "I love you, and will you marry me?"

Beatrix trusted him, but every day she was surprised at his strange avoidance of all expressions of his own feelings and allusions to the future.

"Do you know, Mark, how dear you are to me?" she said to him one morning, as she leaned over his chair.

"Am I, my bright Beatrix? Well, you may be sure you will always have a very true friend in me."

Friend! The cold word struck to her heart. She stood a moment silent, and then seated herself on a footstool beside him. She had grown very much changed of late. No longer defiant and bold, she was gentle, quiet, more charmingly womanly than ever before—with him affectionate and almost timid.

"Don't you know that I love you?" she said, after a moment of silence, looking up wistfully into his face.

"Love me! Hardly that yet, my dear Beatrix," he answered, with a slight look of annoyance. "You have not known me long enough for such a deep feeling."

"And you?"

"I think you are the most captivating girl in the world. But come, this is too fine a morning to be wasted in-doors. Let's go for a walk."

He changed the subject abruptly, and was careful not again to allow her to approach it. He talked himself, gayly and charmingly of all sorts of topics, and Beatrix was interested and amused, so that she did not again recur to the question she had half resolved to ask; but when he left her, there was a shade on his handsome brow.

"This thing is getting serious?" he muttered. "She'll bring me to the point before another day. It is time I took to flight. Well, it is just as well; she has amused me, and by this time Saratoga must be very pleasant."

As they sat over their wine that day after dinner, Mark announced his decision to his friend.

"Well, Paul, I believe I must leave you to-morrow."

"So soon?"

"Soon! Why, my dear fellow, I have already made you a tremendous visit."

"But I shall be horribly lonely without you."

"Come with me, then. I am off for Saratoga. It will be just the thing. Make it perfect if you will come too."

After some chat, Paul agreed to this plan—but then asked curiously:

"How about Beatrix Linwood?"

"What of her?"

"How will she like your sudden flight?"

"My dear Paul, it cannot concern her."

"I don't know about that. My own opinion is, Mark, that you have flirted shamefully with her."

Mark shrugged his shoulders.

"A mere passing amusement. You shall see how we shall part the best friends in the world."

But although he said this very confidently, Mark felt considerable hesitation when, the next morning, he sat in Mr. Linwood's parlor awaiting the coming of Beatrix.

"Hang it!" he thought, "I wish I had written her a note to say good-by. I hope she won't make a scene."

She came in after a moment, looking so pretty in her white morning-dress and pink ribbons, that Mark half regretted that he had not resolved to amuse himself a little longer with so lovely a toy. But there was a shade of anxiety in her eyes that the next moment made him glad of his resolve to escape.

"Well, Beatrix, I wonder if you will feel as badly as I do, when I tell you that I have come to say good-by?"

"Are you going away?" she almost gasped the words, growing white to the lips.

"Yes, Paul and I start for Saratoga to-morrow."

"Oh, Mark!"

"There, Beatrix, don't look so sad, I will write to you."

"Write to me! but, Mark, when shall I see you again?"

"I don't know really," he said, carelessly. "Unless you come to the city next winter."

She looked at him, her eyes growing black with angry light, her face slowly flushing back to a crimson spot in each cheek.

"And this is your farewell to me?"

"I believe so, as I shall hardly have time to call again; we start to-night."

"Then, Mark Lancaster, you have never loved me!"

"My dear Beatrix, don't say such sentimental things."

"But you know that I have loved you!"

"My dear young lady, why make such a rash avowal, when you are a little older and have seen more of the world you will be more careful."

His cool, indifferent manner drove her to madness, and she stood before him, her eyes fairly blazing with wrath and scorn.

"Yes, Mark, I will say it, though I see now that you are a scoundrel, and have only been amusing yourself by playing with the heart of one who seemed to you an ignorant country girl. Yet I had rather have you know how entirely you have succeeded in your cruel purpose than suppose me as base as yourself. Yes! I have loved you! do you think I would ever have allowed your devotions if I had not loved you? Do you think I could have trifled with all that is most sacred to a woman for mere amusement? No, I have loved you with all the earnestness of a nature that does not forget," her voice faltered a little as she uttered the last words—but putting aside the weakness with an imperious gesture of the hand she went on. "I have loved you, but now, now I despise you as that most contemptible of beings a masculine flirt. More than that I will one day have revenge for my outraged affections and my injured pride."

"You are very much excited, my dear Beatrix," said Mark, with an assumption of his old indifference, though his fair face had flushed at her taunting words. "You will get over all this after a while. But now I must be going, won't you bid me a friendly good-by?"

He held out his hand. She haughtily drew back a step.

"No, Mark Lancaster, we are not friends, and I will make no such hollow pretence. Henceforth we are enemies, and I tell you more I will never rest till I have had satisfaction for your insults."

"Insults! I assure you, Beatrix, I had no intention of insulting you. I thought there was no harm in a little summer amusement."

She waved him away imperiously.

"Your apologies are worse than useless. I do not care for them. All I do care for now is my revenge."

He laughed mockingly.

"Good-by then, my pretty wild cat."

She turned her back to him with a look of bitter scorn, and he made his way out of the house. He bore his habitual smile of easy indifference for a moment, but it vanished when he was alone, and he thought somewhat uneasily of those menacing eyes, those threats for the future.

"Gad! she looks a determined woman. But pshaw! what can she do? Ladies don't murder in these days, and she'll soon forget her anger in another love affair."

So Mark went away with his friend to the gayeties of Saratoga, and in a round of amusement there, and later in the season at Newport very soon forgot that "pretty Tom-boy who had helped to while away the early summer."

But Beatrix did not, as he had stifled his conscience by imagining find oblivion for the past in another flirtation. She had loved Mark very truly, and was too earnest a woman, too pure a maiden soon to recover from the bitter experience. For some time she shut herself up, refusing to see her best friends or to attempt any of her old amusements. But this could not last

long; hers was not a nature to sink timidly under such a blow, or to become a perpetual monument to the memory of one man's perfidy. She soon roused herself from her apathy and resumed her old life, apparently unchanged, except that the experience of those few weeks had made her look older; the freshness of her girlhood had passed away forever. She was a woman, proud, self-reliant, resolute.

From the moment when she had discovered Mark's heartlessness she had ceased to love him, but the insult she had received at his hands was unforgotten, and her resolution to punish him for it strengthened every day. It must be remembered that she had no mother or sister to soften her, and that her education and temperament was such as to make her feel almost as independent as a man of all ordinary rules of conduct.

For some time it seemed quite impossible to put in execution the plan she had formed, but in the fall the departure of her father on a southern trip, that would occupy many months, left her to independence, and gave her the liberty of action, which was all that she asked. It was not long after this that she met Paul Delavan, who had recently returned from New York. She greeted him warmly. Paul had always been a favorite friend, and with her old frank disregard of appearances, she asked,

"Which way are you going?"

"Only to the post-office; I merely came out for a stroll, and to let my friends know I am well."

"Then I will go with you, if you don't mind."

"I shall be delighted. Beatrix, do you know you have improved vastly in the last six months; you look older, handsomer—"

"There, now, Paul, don't begin a string of compliments. I shall think you have learned them from your friend Mark Lancaster—and that they mean no more than his."

Paul glanced at her sharply, but no change of color betrayed any hidden emotion, and he thought, "After all, Mark must have been right, and she did not care for him; yet I don't like to think she is only a flirt."

"By the way, tell me something about Mr. Lancaster," said Beatrix, in a moment. "How is he?"

"He is very well. And, Beatrix"—with a little hesitation—"he is engaged to be married!"

"Ah! to whom?"

"To Miss Danvers, a very wealthy girl; the only daughter of one of the richest men in New York. She is considered an immense heiress."

"And is she nice?"

"Yes, quite so; she is fine-looking, a little haughty and cold, perhaps—but that suits Mark."

"How soon are they to be married?"

"In December. To tell the truth, Mark is desperately hard up; he had a small fortune of his own, but it is more than gone; and it is high time he made a change."

"So he is going to sell his handsome face for this girl's money! Paul, is that your idea of an honorable man?"

"Well, Beatrix, to speak frankly, I do not by any means approve of many things Mark does; but in this case he can hardly be blamed; Miss Danvers certainly met him half way; and poverty would be terrible to him."

A curious smile curled Beatrix's lips, but she dropped the subject, and talked so gayly of other matters, that Paul imagined it was forgotten. But it was not; a week later, Beatrix announced to her friends that she was going to visit her aunt in Albany, and with her usual independence, when her preparations were complete, started on her journey entirely alone.

A few nights after this, Mark lounged into his club to while away a few hours of the evening before it was time to accompany Miss Danvers to a ball. He was elegant and graceful as ever, not a shade on the handsome brow. A brilliant bachelor career was about to be closed by a splendid marriage; there was seemingly no cloud upon his future.

Half an hour later, he was startled from his idle perusal of the London Times, by a voice near him.

"This is our reading-room, Mr. Linwood, and a very cosy place we think it is."

The name was rather an unusual one, and Mark looked up with considerable curiosity. Arthur Ross, one of the youngest men in the club, was showing a stranger through the elegant apartments, but this stranger concentrated all Mark's regards.

He was a young man, short and slight in figure, faultlessly dressed, strikingly like Beatrix in face, except that he was a good deal older than her, and the thick, black moustache and side-whiskers left the resemblance after all no more than a family likeness.

In spite of himself, Mark could not help staring at this stranger with a vague uneasiness; all his perfidy to Beatrix was remembered, and he did not half like the appearance of this person who must be a relative. Once or twice Linwood glanced towards him, seeming to notice his fixed gaze, and again looking at him, and finding Mark still watching him, his black eyes flashed, and he scowled ominously.

Mark breathed more freely when he had left the room; and a moment after, Ross returned without him.

"I say, Ross," called Mark, "who is that you had here just now?"

"His name is Linwood; he brought me a letter of introduction from Walter Stone, an old classmate of mine."

"Where is he from?"

"Hayten, I think was the name of the place; somewhere in Ohio. But I must go back; I left him playing billiards with May, and only came down for my letters. Won't you join us?"

With an impulse he could not resist, Mark assented, and the two went up stairs together. Linwood was playing a very good game, and Mark stood leaning against the wall and watching him; a strange suspicion dawning in his mind. Once or twice the stranger glanced at him as if annoyed; at last he turned to him abruptly, and said—

"Will you be good enough to stand further back, sir?"

The voice was harsh, the words peremptory. Mark colored, and made no reply, except by a haughty stare. Ross had not introduced them because Linwood seemed so much occupied with the game when they first came in, afterwards he had forgotten it. Now he started forward with considerable annoyance.

"My dear Lancaster, you are rather near."

"I shall stand where I please." And then as Linwood had gone around the table to make a shot, he said, in a low tone—"Why don't he take off his coat? May has his off."

"I don't know, really; I suppose he is not warm; what a strange question!"

"I'll tell you what it is, Ross," continued Mark, "I don't believe he has any right to be here; and I think the sooner he is got out the better."

"Repeat those words if you please, sir!"

It was Linwood who stood before him, his eyes blazing with anger.

"I shall do no such thing!"

"Then retract them!"

Mark shrugged his shoulders.

"I will not be dictated to by a bully, male or female!"

"And I will not be insulted with impunity."

As he spoke, Linwood struck Mark across the face with his glove.

"There, sir, you must answer that!"

He flung the glove down, and drew back a step. Mark sprang forward, his face crimson with rage. But May and Ross held him back.

"Remember, Lancaster, he is our guest."

"And I am ready to answer for my action, whenever this person pleases," said Linwood; and there was a world of scorn in the cold tone. "Here is my card. I shall remain at home till twelve o'clock to-morrow." He laid the pasteboard on the table, then turned to the others present. "I am very sorry to have been forced into this difficulty here, gentlemen; but I could not let such an insult go unnoticed."

And indeed the feeling of all the members of the club was, that Mark was wrong. It seemed that he had made an unprovoked attack on a stranger guest; he saw in the short time that he remained there that the sentiment of his former friends was adverse to him, and knew that but one course was open to him with regard to the affair. He must meet this fellow—must challenge him, or he would at once be cut as a coward; it was not a pleasant thought, that he must risk his life in a duel—one, too, in which he was in the wrong.

"This is the work of Beatrix Linwood"

Of this he felt certain. For a time even, he imagined that she herself had assumed this disguise. And indeed this impression was what had lead to his conduct in the billiard room, but this fancy was set at rest by Paul Delavan, who arrived that night, and to whom he related the circumstances, and showed the stranger's card.

"Felix Linwood, of Hayten Manor. Oh, yes, I know who he is; he is a cousin of Beatrix. I have not seen him since he was a child—for he has been abroad for some years; indeed I did not know he had returned."

"What sort of a looking fellow was he?"

"Oh, black hair and eyes, very like Beatrix."

Mark's last faint hope died out at this.

"I must meet him, I suppose," he said mournfully.

"Well, yes, my dear fellow; I don't see how you can help it. But how came you to get into such a scrape?"

"I don't know; he looked so much like Beatrix, that I thought—well never mind what I thought. But you will be my second—and take the challenge?"

"Well—yes; I can hardly refuse—but I assure you, Mark, I don't fancy the business."

Paul found Ross waiting for him in Linwood's parlor ready to act as his second; and after a vain attempt at a reconciliation, the preliminaries for a meeting were arranged. It was to take place on a waste piece of ground where the Central Park now is, at the next sunrise—and the weapons were to be pistols.

"I hope to Heaven he is not so good a shot as his cousin. If he is, it is all up with me," said Mark, when the decision was imparted to him.

"It is hardly likely he is; he has been so long loafing about Paris and Rome, I don't suppose he has paid very much attention to shooting. But to tell the truth, Mark, he seemed very resolute about meeting you."

"Did you see him?"

"No; but Ross was as much averse to the affair as I, and said he had done all he could to persuade Linwood to accept an apology, but he entirely refused; and as he is a total stranger here, he could not do less than act for him."

In truth, Mark's feelings were by no means very comfortable during the rest of that day and evening; he tried to appear unconcerned when he was with Miss Danvers, but his heart was oppressed with most gloomy forebodings, which were by no means dissipated when Paul called him in the grey dawn, and he was obliged to prepare for a duel with this resolute antagonist. He was convinced that it was Beatrix who had urged her cousin to pick a quarrel with him, and now that his own life was threatened, he began to repent of his perfidy to her, and to dread the revenge she had sworn. He had never been much of a shot, and the practicing he had done over night had only served to show him that he was not in the least to be dreaded.

"There's no hope for me if he's a good shot," he thought mournfully; and although he took a stout pull at a brandy flask to keep up his spirits, he was in a very melancholy mood when they reached the ground.

It was a dull, dreary morning, cold and cheerless. The place of the meeting was under shelter of a straggling grove; the trees half bare of leaves, and the autumn wind whistling sadly through their rattling branches.

Linwood and Ross were already on the ground. Ross was rather nervous and pale; but Linwood was perfectly unconcerned, lounging against a tree, smoking with utter indifference. He bowed courteously to the two others when they appeared, and Paul made one last appeal for a reconciliation.

"Is there no way, Ross, by which this bloodshed may be prevented?"

"I am afraid not; I wish there was. I assure you I feel uncommonly nervous about it."

"We are ready to make all reasonable apology if he will meet us half way."

"I will ask Linwood again, but I fear it will be very little use."

He conferred apart for a moment with his principal, but the result was an obstinate refusal. There was nothing for it but to load the pistols, place the two men, and give the word. Mark was pale as ashes when he took his place; his hand trembled so that he could scarcely hold his weapon. Linwood was calm—only flinging away his cigar at the last moment; but his eyes glowed like coals of fire, and there was a superb disdain on his haughty lips.

"Fire! One, two,—"

Before the first word was pronounced Mark had nervously pulled the trigger, and his bullet sped whistling away into the woods. A withering smile crossed Linwood's face, then taking deliberate aim at his trembling antagonist, he fired. Mark uttered a cry of pain and fell to the earth.

"You'll not find him much hurt, I fancy," said Linwood coolly turning to Ross, "though his beauty may be somewhat damaged."

It was even so. On going to him they found that the bullet had glanced across his cheek, leaving an ugly gash, and carrying away one whisker and part of one ear. His good looks were ruined forever.

While Paul and Ross were occupied with Mark, Linwood had walked a little way off. He now returned and bent over the prostrate man. The whiskers and moustache were gone, and it was Beatrix Linwood's handsome, resolute face that looked into his.

"Mark Lancaster, I told you I would be revenged; have I not kept my word?"

He looked at her with staring, blood-shot eyes—"You," he gasped, "You!"

"Beatrix Linwood, good God! Is this your work?" Paul Delavan cried in utter amaze.

"Yes, mine," she said proudly. "That man insulted me, and I swore to have revenge. I am quite satisfied. I did not intend to kill him, but only to put it out of his power ever again to fascinate a woman with his handsome, lying face. And I think I have succeeded."

"You have, indeed!"

Paul bound up Mark's face as well as he could with a handkerchief, and then while Ross went to call the coachman to help carry him to the carriage, he turned to Beatrix.

"You must fly at once."

"Oh, I shall disappear from all possibility of pursuit very shortly. Beatrix Linwood will be with her aunt, Mrs. Stanly, in Albany, this evening. As for Felix, whose name I have usurped, he is still abroad; so he is not likely to suffer from this."

"You are a brave girl, Beatrix," said Paul with a look of earnest admiration. "But your revenge is terrible."

"Not worse than he deserved. Paul, he is a coward." She whispered the words with a glance of ineffable scorn at the man who was groaning on the grass.

"Perhaps so. But I will come and see you soon and tell you the result of all this. Good-bye."

They shook hands cordially, and then Beatrix turned to Ross, who having helped the coachman and Paul convey Mark to the carriage, had returned to his transformed principal.

"I have to ask your pardon Mr. Ross," she said sweetly; "for the deception I have practiced upon you. I asked the letter of introduction from Mr. Stone for my cousin, who is still abroad."

"Really, Miss Linwood," stammered Ross, at a loss what to say; "I am very glad to have entertained you, but I will say I never suspected—"

"Oh, no! don't say that," she interrupted. "You have behaved like a thorough gentleman, and I have done what I have long intended, with your courteous assistance. If you will only come to Hayten I will try to prove to you that I am not ungrateful; and, now, good-bye."

Ross tried to detain her, but, refusing even to drive back to town with him, she set off towards the nearest line of cars, and so disappeared from his knowledge.

My story is very nearly done. Mark Lancaster's wound was not serious, but it utterly ruined his good looks. It left him with a deep, contracted scare across the cheek, the half of a whisker entirely gone, and a very poor apology for an ear on that side. When Miss Danvers saw him she could not repress her horror.

"Why he is a perfect fright," she said to her father afterwards. "Really, pa, I could not marry such an ugly man, so you must break off the engagement for me."

It was done as she wished, Mark received his dismissal and knew that he was ruined. Beatrix's revenge was very complete. Through her he was ugly and poor, the two greatest horrors that could befall the handsome, aristocratic Mark Lancaster. He was obliged to accept a clerkship in a bank, and soon became the mere mournful shadow of his once dashing self.

As for Beatrix her revenge satisfied, her kind heart awoke, through Paul she managed to send Mark many things for his comfort, and even several considerable sums of money. This lead to a constant communion between himself and Paul that, teaching them to know each other better than ever before, led at last to a happy marriage.

☞ Persian Women's Scientific Division of Men.—The "Seven Wise Women of Persia," who by royal edict prepared a code of laws governing domestic matters in that realm, lay it down as a fact that, "There are three kinds of men: 1. A proper man; 2. Half a man; 3. A hupul-hupla." A proper man always gives his wife whatever she wants; your half man is a poor, snivelling wretch, who gives his wife but little; and your hupul-hupla is a despicable, jealous creature, who gives his wife nothing, but makes her do her own work, and is so suspicious, that if she stays away all day, he is sure to ask her where she has been."

☞ It is stated that a man "out West" has invented a "new, powerful, double-acting salve, which cannot fail to be a boon not only to the human race, but to every living thing which is exposed to accidents and wounds." As a proof of its potency and efficacy, the inventor narrates that, by way of experiment, he cut off about four inches of his dog's tail, and applied the salve to the bleeding stump, whereupon the tail at once grew out to its natural size and shape; that he then took up the piece of tail which he had cut off, and applied the salve to the bleeding end, whereupon a dog grew out so like the other, that it was impossible to tell which was the original dog!

☞ Ignorance of Cricket.—The Emperor of the French, after a long talk with a captain of the 73d on the cricket battle-field, declared that he could not understand anything about it. Surely he has been to Lord's, in London, and lord's-cricket-grounds enough throughout England, to be able to comprehend so simple a game! The Empress, however, seemed to understand it, and said she hoped her son would play next year. The Parisians think the game more dangerous than attractive, and cannot understand why "se man by se vicket should not 'ave 'is eye knocks out."

☞ Anatomical Discovery.—For a long time it has baffled the medical authorities to account for the force with which the waves beat against the shore, and it has recently come to light that it arises from the fact of there being "muscles" in the sea.

☞ A Bachelor's Choice.—"Oh, Mr. Grubbles!" exclaimed a young mother, "shouldn't you like to have a family of rosy children about your knee?" "No, ma'am," said the disagreeable old bachelor, "I'd rather have a lot of yellow boys in my pocket!"

☞ An important adjunct of the Naval School.—A *monitor*.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1865.

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THE DIFFICULT THING.

There is one thing the wisest and best cannot do, viz.: please everybody. People's ideas differ so widely on the same subjects, it is utterly impossible to act independently and please one-third of those who look on and profess interest. There are not many who are even consistent in what they claim to view as *right*. For instance, the same parties who indignantly declared the Government "had no business to hang Mrs. Surratt, because she was a woman," are now as earnestly declaring that it "had no business to acquit Miss Harris for the murder of Burroughs." Were we to take up both sides of the question in these two cases of crime and punishment, it would furnish an amusing tissue of contradictions and inconsistencies. They go to show, however, a characteristic of the American people that is not altogether pleasing. We are too stubborn in yielding our opinions when *facts* prove them erroneous. We like to find reasons for clinging to them, and when we cannot, do not always scruple to turn boldly and fling them at the public authorities in the shape of a censure of their actions. It is rather odd that our ideas of justice are so warped. Why do we act more from feeling than judgment, when the good of a people requires us to *think well* before acting, and then to act firmly? In the much discussed case of Miss Harris, we think that Harper's Weekly in its article on *Public Progress*, has considered it about as fairly and well, as anything we have seen on the subject. Crime and folly are running riot in our land, and if stern-handed justice does not mete out the proper punishments for the various delinquents, we must soon look around us vainly for that safety which was once ours to a degree unknown in any other nation. It is perfectly fearful to see how evils accumulate upon us. We cannot take up a paper at any time, and find its columns free from some revolting account of crime. Murders are becoming more frequent than railroad accidents. People are beginning to think they can do anything they please, and go unpunished. Until we yield less to mercy and more to justice, this state of affairs must continue. There is no true kindness in passing leniently over crime. When a case has been thoroughly examined, the parties found guilty should *suffer according* to their crime, with no influence strong enough to come between them and that deserved punishment. When we assume this position and carry out the laws of our land unfalteringly, our country will once more become peaceful and harmonious; but not until then.

"THE ROUND TABLE."

We welcome a specimen copy of this paper, which comes to us with a promise of success, bringing with it the good wishes of all our best writers. *The Round Table* has been known to many, but was suspended during the past year. From its Prospectus, the impression given is a good one. We need such a paper as the proprietors promise to give us in *The Round Table*, devoted to fair and honest criticism. In Literature, especially, do we need to wield the pen unsparingly to prune it of its imperfections. It is because we have not had this among us, the complaint is made that American Literature is inferior. There is no reason why this should be so. We have as profound, good and active thinkers in America as any other nation can boast. Just criticism would encourage many to success, while those who are incapable of teaching, might from the critic's fun learn the truth, and turn to more lucrative and fitting pursuits. Another thing that is essential, is to banish so much foreign literature from our press, and give circulation to home productions more liberally. We may read as much as we choose, but why should writers from other lands step in and furnish us with matter to the detriment of our own countrymen? It is all wrong. If we give American writers a chance to supply us with what we want, and pay them for it, we shall have no reason to complain of inferiority. Americans can think and write well; but while the brain is busy, there must be something in the larder for the stomach.

We hope *The Round Table* may begin and carry out successfully a work so needful as this it undertakes, and it has from us a most hearty "God speed."

SCENES IN A "SANCTUM."

No. 3.

We were tossing the mass of letters with wilful intent, turning, every moment, a familiar face to light: Presently, Mrs. Southworth confronted me, saucy, piquant, spicy.

"What shall I do with her?" I asked holding up the signature.

"Ah, E. D. E. N.! That spells *Eden*, does it not? I will take *Eden* home in my vest pocket."

"Be sure that it goes into the left side then. That is where the heart is supposed to be."

"What, in the left vest pocket? Then *Eden* shall go to *the* left vest pocket and I will carry it home in my heart. A lucky man I'll be, if *Eden* is as sweet and fair as we are taught to believe."

"Twice lucky. Take Eden home and find a fairer one there already, whose sweetness and beauty is perpetual. Pooh! how Fanny Fern is flinging the dust into my face from this crisp MS. 'Gotham' dust too. That is not fair. Old Gotham is fond enough of flinging its envy at us, without adding to the cruelty by dusting us through the fair fingers of a spicy woman. There, Fanny, lie upon the desk until your purposes are more gentle. I must not be blinded at the out set."

"Mitchell shall keep her company. He is good natured and amiable, if he is a 'Bachelor.' Fanny has a husband, so he wont be afraid of her."

At this moment a small voice broke in upon our occupation.

"Please, sir, have you got any waste paper?"

I looked up to see a small boy in the doorway with a basket in his hand. A pale, little face, with great hollow eyes, stunted figure, and tattered dress, told the pitiful story of poverty and want.

The ex-editor sent him outside, and, while he was deep in the work before him, I slipped outside into the clerk's department, and dropped some loose pennies into the child's hand. When I returned to my seat, a quiet twinkle in the ex-editor's eyes and a half smile lurking about the mouth, warned me that he understood my little ruse; but he made no direct remark. Presently he said:

"That boy reminded me of something which occurred here sometime ago. I was sitting at my desk very busy, when a sweet-faced, bright-eyed little girl came in and advanced to my side. She had an empty basket in her hand, which she held while talking. Addressing me in a sweet, frank way, she asked me to lend her a quarter, saying she had a chance to make something if she could borrow a quarter for capital. I was interested, asked her several questions to which she replied readily, and finally gave her a quarter, not a little curious to see whether she would come back with it as she promised. She left her basket, and went out. In the course of an hour or two she came back, paid me the quarter, and seemingly well pleased, took up her basket and left. In the course of a week she came again, and wanted half a dollar, which I loaned her unhesitatingly. That, too, she paid promptly. But the next application, a few days later, was for a dollar, and I looked vainly for her return. That was the last time she ever came."

I looked straight into the laughing, blue eyes of the ex-editor:

"How do you know that the poor child did not meet with some accident, or fell sick, so she could not come?"

"Well, I should have given her the benefit of such a charitable supposition, had not something transpired to prevent it. I was at my sister's taking tea, and began to relate the story. When I had nearly finished my brother-in-law burst into a laugh, then startled from us a host of questions. It came out then, that my brother-in-law had been victimized in the same

way by the same little girl, and all our sympathy was nipped in the bud. When you have been an editor for twenty years, subject to all sorts of calls upon your charities, all sorts of impositions, you will act less from impulse and more from judgment."

"Perhaps so; but God forbid that I should lose my feeling. I would rather err in giving a few pennies to an unworthy object than to suffer one poor, really suffering little one to go hence unheard, when I have not the time to look practically into his needs. Prudence is a good thing; but I cannot forget that God is good and gives us abundantly. From my share, I will cast out a mite now and then. He has said, if we cast our bread upon the waters, after many days it shall return to us. While I believe in God's truth, I shall not be afraid to help the poor according to my ability."

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Buenos Ayres—The Rule of Rosas—Manuelita—Red Hat-bands—The Willow Forest—A Dictator's Justice.

In canvassing a country to any considerable extent, whether desultorily or consecutively, it is perhaps the best plan always to begin at the capital, particularly when it happens to lie so invitingly convenient in one's way, as does the capital of the United Provinces of the Rio-de-la-Plata. So if you please let us inaugurate our itinerant vagabondizing over and through the country south of the "River of Silver," and west of it, too, by a few brief glances in and about its river-side capital.

With all its commercial advantages as the great entrepot of supplies for a country so vast as the Provinces of the La Plata, and the only channel through which a vast and abundantly productive region sends its constantly increasing staples abroad, Buenos Ayres ought to-day to have been a city at least five-times as populous, wealthy, and civilized as it is. Under a wiser rule of a more enlightened government, the city of Buenos Ayres might have been at the present time the peer of any modern city on this continent, instead of the "Sea of Sodom"—next to Montevideo, the "worst and last of peopled deserts" of the Atlantic side of the American continent.

In 1832 the estimated population of Buenos Ayres was one hundred and twenty thousand, in 1862 a critical census would have returned perhaps a hundred and five thousand residents proper—a retrogression not particularly flattering to "South American civilization along the Rio-de-la-Plata."

The city of Buenos Ayres, as well as the country at large, was far more prosperous and progressive under the iron rule of Rosas than it had ever been previously, or has been since his expulsion from power.

Manuel Rosas was as much the liberator of the Provinces of the La Plata as Don Simon Bolivar was of the Spanish vice royalties of South America. He came into Buenos Ayres a simple *herdiero*, clad in his *calzones y calias*, followed by an indomitable band of semi-civilized *guachos*, drove out foreign enemies and domestic traitors, and though uneducated, and himself little more than a second-rate savage, he brought order out of chaos and established a system of government severe as that of the Roman Nero, but just suited to the condition of barbarians incapable of self-government.

Ostensibly the government was representative, but from the first hour of Rosas's accession to power, his rule was a despotism of rigid iron order. Inflexible as adamant, unmoved by fear or favor, making and executing laws by a word as the exigences of the conditions demanded, Rosas stalked on alone, an iron giant of inexorable will and untiring energy—a lion ruling a nation of timid sheep from his advent into the Buenos Ayrean capital to the very day of his downfall.

At the first, and for six months after Rosas had delivered and regenerated in his way, the city of Buenos Ayres, he was merely the self-constituted liberator and provisional governor of the city. Then by the popular vote he was elected Governor-General of the whole *Confederacion Argentina*, and at the expiration of his term of office he was re-elected almost as unanimously. Then there grew out of his iron rule, and the natural lawless restiveness of the Buenos Ayrean barbarians jealousies and hatred, and conspiracies, invariably crushed to death by the indomitable, ubiquitous Man of the Pampas, who grew gradually from the protector to the savage tyrant, hated only in a degree or two less than he was feared.

Rosas became unpopular, and a successor was whispered of. The day of election arrived, a deputy of the National Assembly stood up in his place and named a candidate for the Governor-Generalship. The name was not that of Don Manuel Rosas, and in less than thirty minutes Don Justinian Carrera, the presumptuous deputy, was dragged out and shot to death by a subsidized soldiery. Rosas was elected without a dissenting vote, and in a month he was absolute dictator and unbending despot. And in this same manner was his re-election always achieved, until he was finally driven from power and the country by Urquiza, who succeeded him, ruled the country less than two years, and was himself driven into exile and obscurity by an ambitious military chieftain. Since the termination of the rule of Rosas the progress of the Provinces of the Rio-de-la-Plata has been much like that of Mexico and Costa Rica—decidedly backwards.

During the greater part of the long term of Rosas's administration of the Buenos Ayrean government, his prime counsellor and adviser in all affairs of state, as well as in domestic life, was his daughter and only child, Doná Manuelita, one of the most extraordinary women that ever lived in any country. At the age of fifteen, Manuelita was engaged in marriage to a handsome young officer of high military rank and a member of her father's household.

But Don Christoval d-Almeida was a secret traitor, a conspirator against the government and life of the man whose daughter he was about to wed. Manuelita by some means discovered Don Christoval's infamy on the morning of her wedding-day. At the very altar she denounced her almost husband to her father. Within the half-hour there was a rattling volley of musketry in the plaza, a mutilated corpse, and the loving, trusting heart of Manuelita was changed to flint. Thenceforth her whole life and energy was devoted to her father, and an abler adviser no ruler on earth ever had.

It was at Manuelita's instance that *red* was adopted as the national color, the red vest and hat-band decreed as the distinguishing badge of every government official whether military or civil, and the wearing of the motto—"*Viva La Confederacion Argentina*"—"*Muera Los Salvages Unitaros*," made compulsory with all Buenos Ayrean subjects. A free translation of the above motto gives us—"Long live the Argentine Confederation—Death to the Unitarian savages." Literally all were *savages* who wore blue or green either in or out of the country, publicly or privately. Upon one occasion an imprudent English lady suffered death in the streets of Buenos Ayres for daring to despise one of Rosas's *pronunciamentos* forbidding green or blue to be worn in the city. She went out in sheer bravado, clad in green, and was shot down without ceremony by the Dictator's semi-savage soldiery. *South American Civilization.*

Lounging lazily one day on the very comfortable cushioned seats in front of the Willow Palace, two miles north-west from the city, and admiring the beautiful foliage-clad arbor screening us so admirably from the scorching sun, my friend, the doctor, turned to Doña Manuelita, who stood a few paces distant musing, and made the inquiry:

"Doña Manuelita, you so detest green, why do you not command these trees to put away their *green* leaves and put on red ones?"

The imperious daughter of the Dictator looked half dreamily at the doctor for a few moments, and then replied with more reverence than I thought could find a place in her iron heart:

"*Dios mas grande Senor! Los folios de Dios.*"

"God is greater, sir! The leaves are God's."

"Then you *do* acknowledge one power superior to your own even here in Buenos Ayres?" queried the doctor, a slight tone of sarcasm apparent in his speech.

"It is not men, but hearts that we rule here, sir," the haughty Princess Royal of the River Plata said, with a look and tone that eclipsed the doctor's sarcasm.

The Willow Forest, in the midst of which stands the Country Palace, is one of the celebrities of the city of Buenos Ayres. Planted there in rectangular order by the Jesuits more than two hundred and fifty years ago, the giant old trees stand there green, and still growing, monuments of the energy and industry of these early pioneers of a perverted religion.

What the particular motive for planting so extensive an orchard of unproductive willows in such a position could have been, there is no record left to show, and at this time it can only be a matter of conjecture too unimportant to invite any laborious investigation.

The forest fronts the river, and being planted in double rows, the trees near together, and the lines extending parallel to the shore, the water view is entirely shut out from the palace, which occupies a clear space of only a few acres in about the centre of the Willows.

The Palace is a long, low, squat affair, of one story in height, built of *adobe*, and whitewashed, without outside ornament or a single inviting feature. This willow hermitage was the favorite residence of Rosas and the man-like Manuelita during the Buenos Ayrean summer season, extending from the first of December to March.

During the five or six last years of Rosas's Buenos Ayrean rule, all citizens of the United States were held in high favor with both the Dictator and his daughter, and let a well dressed, gentlemanly appearing North American, hailing from the United States, present himself when he would at the "Willows," let him but announce himself as an *Americano*, and *presto*, he found himself at home, with all the comforts and hospitalities of the palace literally forced upon him, as if he were Prince Regent of all Christendom.

An incident of which I happened to see considerable, and learned direct a great deal more of, very fairly illustrates Rosas's partiality towards the people of the United States, his ready tact in managing such a people as he ruled over, and his prompt administration of Buenos Ayrean justice.

In the third year I think of Rosas's dictatorship, there died in Buenos Ayres, a young Bostonian named Brannin, who having left home at the age of eighteen, with four hundred dollars in his pocket, wandered off into the wide world to seek his fortune, and found it—a very handsome one in a small way in the city of Buenos Ayres.

Upon his arrival in the Argentine capital Brannin engaged immediately in the mercantile business, was shrewd, persevering, industrious, and from the start successful. He found it advisable to extend his business and required more capital. Don Jose Doblado, one of the wealthiest and most respectable men in the city, supplied the required means, came in as a partner, and from that date to the period of Brannin's death, the firm was said to be the most prosperous one in the confederation.

In about three weeks after Brannin's death, everybody was astonished by a public *pronunciamento* of Don Jose's, in which he proclaimed the establishment bankrupt, and the estate of Lucien Brannin indebted to him to the amount of one hundred and forty-six thousand dollars.

Brannin left a young widow, a Boston girl, to whom he had been married some four years, and Don Jose's claim being allowed, would more than strip her of every dollar she possessed on earth, leaving herself and infant child penniless among strangers in a foreign land. So she contested the claim, but Don Jose was the very respectable Buenos Ayrean, very rich, the judges who had the disposition of the case, had large families and small salaries, so judgment was given in favor of Don Jose, and Louise Brannin and her child were beggars.

Some friend advised the widow to appeal to the Dictator, and she did, and one day, some two weeks after Mrs. Brannin had been despoiled of her property, we saw Don Manuel Rosas, in his old sun-burnt, broad brimmed straw sombrero, long linen frock, and trowsers of coarse, unbleached muslin, walking between two public notaries in the direction of the *Plaza de Justice*, and close following the Dictator and his legal aid de camps, marched Don Jose Doblado and the two judges who had decided the late law suit, all three of them with their arms pinioned, and closely guarded by at least forty barbarian *soldados*. Curiosity prompted us to follow the singular procession, and we entered the plaza in conversation with two of the officers of the guard, who knew no more than ourselves what was going to come next.

On the western side of the plaza were planted three stakes, eight feet in height, square, and tapering from nine inches at the base to a point at the top. The stakes were of the hardest wood of the country; planted five yards or so asunder, and stained with age and the infernal use to which they were sometimes applied. The very thought of their horrible office made me shudder as we drew near them. Once I had seen a miserable wretch impaled upon the centre stake, its sharp point piercing his person at the posteriors, and the wedge-like wood was forced upwards—or rather the writhing victim was dragged downwards by a half dozen human devils, until the sharp point protruded at the throat, and there the impaled wretch writhed and struggled and screamed in agony more dreadful than that of the damned, till he died. *South American Civilization.*

Straight towards the central stake marched the Dictator, and within three yards of the awful monitor, Don Jose Doblado found his honesty, the corrupt judges their justice. Kneeling to the Dictator, Don Jose confessed that so far from having been his debtor at the time of his death, Lucien Brannin had been his creditor to the amount of more than fifty thousand dollars.

Within three days Louise Brannin was one of the wealthiest women in Buenos Ayres, and Don Jose, with the two disgraced judges, were improving the condition of the *Calle Constitutioo*, one of the most frequented streets of Buenos Ayres, each one of the gentlemen wearing as the insignia of his shame and degradation, a heavy iron ball and chain.

Had Louise Brannin been other than an American widow, it is very possible she might have starved before Rosas would have interfered in her behalf.

IN EXTREMITY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARY J. ALLEN.

"For ye were strangers in a strange land."

I was teaching school that winter in one of the border counties of far western Illinois. The district in which I chanced to be located was settled mostly by Germans of the Protestant faith, who had emigrated from fatherland at an early day, and crossed half the Western continent to find a home on the banks of the Mississippi.

A wild enough country it must have been in those days, though only fifty miles from St. Louis; but these hardy people had brought with them the characteristics of their nation—thrift, industry, and rugged health, three qualities absolutely essential and highly esteemed in a new country, where muscle, actual bodily strength, is the one thing most needed; strength to wield the axe, to clear, and fence, and break, and plant the ground, on which the subsistence of all depends.

As the years went on the forests receded, and civilization advanced, these Germans who had come in, a family or two at a time, till they formed quite a community of themselves, not only kept pace with their American neighbors, but outstripped them in the race for material prosperity; and at the time I speak of possessed the most comfortable dwellings, the most capacious barns, the largest orchards, and most productive fields for miles around.

The children of these people were my pupils; red-cheeked, thick-waisted boys and girls, speaking English with more or less facility, trained to habits of obedience at home, and therefore easily managed at school; not especially quick to learn, but attentive and faithful, very satisfactory scholars.

I boarded with the family living nearest the school house—a family in good circumstances, occupying a large, red, brick house, roomy and comfortable, but eminently Dutch in all its appointments. I like old experiences, and the curious customs that prevailed there, the strange superstitions, the very language of which at first I did not understand a single word—which was no inconvenience, however, as they all spoke English with some degree of fluency—the lavish profusion of everything eatable, drinkable, and wearable, the warm friendliness and hearty good-fellowship, amply compensated me for the inconveniences of a three months' sojourn in that out-of-the-way place.

I tried while there to learn German; but, though I came readily enough to understand the language when spoken by others, my Yankee tongue persistently refused to adapt itself to the unfamiliar accents, and, try as I would, I could not pronounce a single word correctly.

The family consisted of the father and mother, one grown-up daughter, several sons, also a little grand-daughter; but among them all I liked the old house-mother best. Many were the stories she told me of her girlhood, and her early married life in Germany, while I listened, interested, getting hints and glimpses of a life and experience so far off from my own, bits of personal and family history with the flavor of Rhineland about them, touches of pathos, simple and true, curious beliefs. And listening to her earnest words I seemed to see, not the coarse features and uncouth figure of the toil-hardened woman before me, but one younger and fairer, as she must have been before years of care and hard work had left their traces upon her; when the tall young man with the fair hair and flaxen moustache was a baby, and she and her husband, among the vines of their native land, talked of America as a far off El Dorado.

They had not found it so, however. Arrived in St. Louis after their long journey by sea and land, uncertain which way to turn, they were advised by one of their own countrymen to follow his example and locate in ——— county. They did so; purchased a tract of wild, government land, and the neighbors, the few there were, scattered at long distances through the country, assembled and built a house for the new arrivals—in the vernacular of the place "a log cabin." In this their household goods were bestowed, a stock of provisions were laid in, and their life in America began.

A lonely life it must have been to them, debarred as they were, by their ignorance of the English language, from social intercourse with the few families who lived within possible visiting distance. These latter were disposed to be friendly, but their attempts at sociability were necessarily so very unsatisfactory, that they were gradually abandoned. There were two other German families in the county, one of whom Mr. ——— had formerly known, but they lived at some distance, and were, besides, immersed in their own cares and labors, and beyond a visit at long intervals, there was no intercourse between them.

So the long, pleasant months of autumn passed away and winter came—a hard, cold winter—the most severe that had been known for many years. The only travelled road was a long way from the little clearing of the German settler; and when snow lay white and deep over the paths and through the forest stretching away on every hand, a new element of desolation was added to the lives of the homelook group.

"Oh! Miss Alen, it was dreadful," said Mrs. F———. "And after a while I got sick. I had the—what do you call him?—the rheumatism so bad, that I could not turn in my bed. And mine olt man had to cook, und take care of der children. Charlotte was a baby then, and Carolina and Ferdinand was little tings, not big enough to do anyting, und mine olt man had to do all.

"But one day he got sick, too, mit a fever. He got bad so fast, und we could not send for a doctor, for de snow was *thry* feet deep, und de children could not go to let anybody know—dey would have got leaf und freezed to det. The fever made him crazy, und he got up out of his bed, und when he went to go back he fell shust across de side, his face down in the petclothes und his feet on the floor.

"I dried to get up und go to him, but I couldn't, und when I called to him he did not answer me—just lay so still, like he was det. I dought he *was* det, und I wrung mine hands und cried, und der children called him, 'Fader, fader,' but he did not speak, und I thought den that he would never speak any more.

"Und when night come der children crept into der bed with me; und outside the wolves howled und howled. Und all night I could not shut mine eyes. Und I dought how mine old man was det, und there was nobody to bury him; und after a while I must die too, und den mine children must starve.

"The next day it was the same; und the next night was the night before New Years. Und after the children had gone to sleep I lay still, thinking of the pleasant New Years eves I had spent in mine own country; und the gifts, und the goodwishes, und mine sisters. I should never see mine country anymore, und my sisters would never know what had become of me.

"The wolves did not howl that night, und I could hear de clock tick in de dark; und outside, de moon was shinin' on the snow so white and still. Und when de clock struck twelve, a little rooster, that an American had given me, crowd so good as he could, und I put mine head under the quilt und cried, thinking how there was nobody to wish us a happy New Year but dis poor little chicken.

"That very morning a man come to de house. He was a stranger, und had missed his way; but, Miss Alen, I know God sent him to us. Der Lord had not forgot us after all!" And remembering that day more than twenty years agone, the old woman covered her face with her hands and wept like a child—wept as she had done on that morning when the "help" for which she had prayed came.

"De man was an American. He could not talk Dutch, but he could see what the matter was, und he lifted mine olt man inter der bed, und made on one pig fire, so warm, und den he went to der nearest house und told der folks. Dey all come right away to see us—American folks und Dutch folks, but der Americans was de kindest—kinder even than our own country people. Dey come und cooked tings for us to eat, und took care of der children, und nursed mine olt man und me till we got well. I shall never forget how good dey was to us—never, never."

SCRAPS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY VERNET.

The Huano.

It would seem that with so long and almost universal use as has been made of the Peruvian *guano*, for fertilizing purposes, we ought to have had some reliable information in regard to the origin of the deposit, the supply on hand at the Chinchas, Lobos, and elsewhere, and the causes which make the guano of the Chinchas so much more valuable as a manurial agent than that of the Lobos, both groups of Islands out-lying the coast of Peru.

A few years since, an estimate made by scientific men and deemed reliable, made the supply of guano from the Chinchas alone, sufficient for all the requirements of the civilized world for a thousand years to come. Authority as late as 1862, and equally positive, assures us that the guano deposits of the Chinchas are likely to be exhausted in about twelve years.

Now let us take the guano *facts* as they really exist at the Chinchas, and leave the public to figure out results.

The Chinchas, of which there are three in number, lie near the coast of Peru in a direction south-eastwardly from Callao, in the latitude of fourteen very nearly south—their relative positions to each other being on a curved north and south line; the northern island being considerably larger than either of the other two. As the islands are very irregular in shape, accurate measurement is difficult; but giving to all three of the islands an area of about eight square miles is perhaps as fair an estimate as can be made.

The Chinchas lying as they do, within the no-rain-region of the Peruvian coast, there is never any wasting of the material by washing; but as at the present time, and for many years past, there has been no perceptible accumulation of guano deposits on these islands, in all probability the present supply is the only one that will ever be afforded from this source.

Now as the mean depth of guano deposit over an area of very nearly eight square miles is about seventy feet in depth, weighing in the neighborhood of a ton to every two-and-a-half square yards, the average annual export being about three hundred and fifty thousand tons, any tolerably expert mathematician may readily figure out the probable duration of the Chincha guano crop.

The Lobos deposits were contributed principally by the pelican, a bird which feeds on a variety of fish entirely different from those supplying food for the *Huano* whose early haunts were the Chinchas, and the excrement of the pelican doubtless afforded at the time these vast deposits were made, as it does at the present, infinitely less ammonia than that of the Huano. Then the Lobos lie on the coast of Northern Peru, where rains at particular seasons are abundant and continuous, so that there is a wastage of the material by washing, almost equal to the export, and what remains is greatly deteriorated.

It is something singular, that common and numerous as these guano birds are along the West coast of South America between the parallels of twelve and twenty-two south latitude, no natural historian should have given them a distinguishing name, and rational description of them, or that at the present time the Peruvian *Huano* should be a *rari avis* indeed in all our ornithological collections, both in the United States and Europe.

In the early Quichua dialect of Peru, *Auano* was the pronunciation, and the signification was *animal dung*. Present to-day to a native Peruvian who knows no word of any other language than that of the ancient *Incas*, a guano bird, ask him its name and he will pronounce very distinctly the word *Huano*. There was no letter *G* in the Quichua dialect, so that *guano* is a modern Spanish murder as unjustifiable as their hundreds of thousands of barbarous murders committed upon the too-credulous and trusting Peruvians.

The Huano, or *Auano* is a very pretty, elegantly formed bird, one-third less in size than the domestic Guinea fowl. Its plumage is very compact, lying all over its body, smooth and glossy, beautifully speckled on the back, neck, and wings, with an ashy white within the wings and under the belly. The legs are black, the feet semi-webbed and armed with very sharp, hard, and strong claws. The tail is narrow, compact, from seven to eight inches in length, shaped exactly like that of the common chimney, or bank swallow, and serves the bird the same purpose in clinging to, and climbing about rocky ledges. The head is round, handsome, and small, compared with the size of the bird. The bill is from five to six inches in length, black, hard, and very sharp—diamond-shaped, opening like a pair of highly-finished brass dividers.

The *Auano* is one of, perhaps the most expert fishers in the world. The fish which constitutes their food, is a small, delicate fellow, prolific in ammonia, in size and appearance very like the sardine of the south of Europe, swimming in shoals of millions, from one to five leagues from the coast, and always at a depth of a fathom or more below the surface. The *huanoes* soar to a great height in the air, and discovering their prey down deep in the water, in they plunge head foremost, often by thousands at a time, straight as an arrow and as swift; cutting the water with a sharp *chuck* as they disappear, always gorging their prey while beneath the surface, and then shooting upward with such velocity that frequently they are ten feet in air before their wings are spread. Then up they struggle again—a thousand—fifteen hundred—two thousand feet into the air, for another poise and plunge.

In habits the birds are gregarious, living together in colonies, the whole community of each settlement going out to fish at about seven o'clock, A. M., and as a general thing all getting home at about six o'clock, P. M., so that if they were only to lie by somewhere for an hour at noon, they would fish very regularly upon the "ten hour" system.

At the present time, there are comparatively few *huanoes* who make their homes at the Chinchas, and these pass their nights squatted upon the ground—or rather the guano, like the duck or goose, while the great mass of the birds at the present time, have their haunts in inaccessible cliffs along the coast further south.

There are various other points between the Chinchas and the parallel of twenty, south latitude, where there are deposits of guano equal in quality to the best of the Chincha material, but it is insignificant in quantity and difficult of access, while at Arica Head, near the present southern range of the *huano*, where myriads of the birds congregate nightly high up in the cliffs, there is no accumulation of guano whatever.

☞ SETTLEMENT.—"Now, then, when are we going to have a settlement of this account?" exclaimed an irascible creditor to an imperturbable debtor. "We have had a settlement," was the reply. "When—where—how?" began the creditor. "Didn't I come in to see you about it last month?" asked the debtor. "Yes." "And I *meant* to settle it then, didn't I?" "Well—yes, I believe so." "Very well, then, wasn't that a *settle meant?*"

☞ THE STEEPLE.—On one occasion, Curran was associated with a barrister, who was remarkably tall and slender, and who had originally intended to take holy orders. The Judge who presided, observed that the case under consideration involved a question of ecclesiastical law. "Then," said Curran, "I can refer your lordship to a *high* authority behind me, who was once intended for the *church*, though"—in a whisper to a friend beside him—"in my opinion he was fitter for the *steeple*."

☞ A man who wants to make a big jump has a backward way of coming forward.

☞ When your wife scolds violently, you can always draw smartly the married man's bow-string—*silence*.

☞ A WITTY AUCTIONEER.—A gentleman having bought a table at an auction did not, as he ought to have done, come to fetch it away. The auctioneer pronounced him to be the most *un-com-for-table* man he ever sold anything to.

☞ A SECOND EDITION.—The Emperor of the French is about to produce Julius Cæsar in a new form. A new iron-clad is about to be published—we should say launched—and will be named after the Great Roman. This may be regarded as a second edition "with plates."

☞ BETTING.—At a gaming-table in Paris recently, the banker, Double X, was thus addressed, "You have only three points monsieur." The banker, Double X, replied, "No, no, four points." Upon which the first speaker offered to bet him a louis about it, and was answered by Double X, "Oh, I am not certain enough to make a bet, but I give you my word of honor I have four points."

☞ FLOWERY LANGUAGE.—A lover received the following note, accompanied by a bouquet of flowers: "Dear ———, I send you bi the boy a buckett of flours. They is like my love for u. The nite shaid meues kepe dark. The dog fenil meues I am your slave. Roels red and posis pall, my love for u shall never fale."

☞ PHOTOGRAPHIC HANDKERCHIEFS.—The idea has been seized upon by a speculative house of business to have handkerchiefs marked with photographs of the owner. The process "will wash." The idea might be extended on the knob of an umbrella: it would carry conviction at once, and be patent circumstantial evidence against the purloiner.

☞ A sight-seer on horseback meeting a lad not far from Edingburgh, asked him, "Am I half way to Edinburgh?" "Please, sir," said the boy, "I dinna ken fwhere ye cam' fra."

☞ A Scotch woman having invited a gentleman to dinner on a particular day, he accepted with the reservation, "If I am spared." "Weel, weel," said Mrs. Robinson, "if ye're dead I'll no expect ye."

☞ Needs a work on punctuation—that private in the army who sent a letter to a little girl at home, closing with, "May Heaven cherish and keep you from yours truly John Smith."

FIELD DAISIES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY E. A. M.

I.

"Take field daisies," once I said
To dear Eve, my friend,
Tying up flowers gold and red:
"Take these white daisies to blend."

II.

"Your taste is not perfect, dear,
As this discloses;
Daisies would look coarse I fear
Among my royal roses."

III.

Poor daisies! it may be so,
For the rose is queen:
Ye are gipsy-folk we know
Who pitch white tents on the green.

THE PADRE'S STORY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BARBARA JOHNS.

In arranging my study table a few mornings since, I encountered a packet of papers so dingy, and yellowed by time, that I was about tossing them into the grate, when my eye caught one that recalled the old life so vividly. How it all came back to me, the winter that I spent in Cuba. The rambling old villa, with its quaint gables, turreted chambers, and stained glass windows; its well kept grounds, full of rare trees and blossoms, with indefinite variety of walks leading to curiously carved grottoes, fountains of quaint devices, arbors, and summer houses fitted up for the fairies, whether visible or invisible.

Again was I in that dear old home, the sweet soft air upon my brow, the music of loving voices in my heart. The quaint overhanging balcony, where Inez and I used to dream away the hours, the wreath of blossoms beneath, and the moonbeams with their silvery lattice work bridging the distance.

Or by day, peeping through the open jalousies in that quiet, self-satisfied manner I am afraid I shall never know again. And Inez, what shall I liken her to in all her regal beauty? Her hair, black as midnight, lay in a heavy coil at the back of her well poised head; eyes whose beauty was a spell, and a fascination of manner that sprang rather from goodness of heart, than acquired by contact with so-called society.

Don Montil, the father of Inez, was a Spaniard of the royal type and bearing of Charles V., blue eyes and light curling hair, with a figure, even in middle age, that was the perfection of manly beauty.

Inez was said to resemble her mother, who was of French descent, around whose early life there had been much of romance. It was years since her death, and the hearts of father and daughter were closely bound together.

Don Montil and my father had been friends in their youth; educated at the same college, their friendship had a deeper meaning, a firmer basis than is usually accorded those who meet with mutual pleasure, exchange a few letters in absence, and then ignore entirely the little episode, that for the time touched their fancy, and was dignified by the sacred name of friendship.

Since their youth, however, their intercourse had been interrupted. Don Montil inherited estates in Cuba, and my father was recalled by the death of a distant relation, to England; but of late the hearts of the two had longed to meet.

There was also a common bond between them. Sorrow rivets friendship more closely than joy; and each claimed a motherless child, though Inez was some three years older than I was, and at the time of our visit engaged to be married to Don Jose Cassino, the only son of a wealthy Spanish family not many leagues from Havana.

Nothing could be more cordial than our welcome, Don Montil receiving my father with all the warm tenderness of a brother, while he embraced me with parental fondness, and showered down upon me all those endearing epithets so musical in his own beautiful language.

My father could speak Spanish fluently, and as both Don Montil and Inez spoke French, I was soon at home. Though, provoking a laugh from Don Montil it was delightful to hear, whenever I tried to make myself understood in a language with which I was less conversant.

Not long, and Inez and I were on the best of terms; confiding to me the sweet love that thrilled her heart or petting me like a dear, young sister, while her great lustrous eyes filled with a strange light I could not quite understand, although I acknowledged their influence. Faultlessly beautiful, and fascinating beyond any person that I had ever known, I soon grew to love her, with a depth, a fervency unknown before.

It seemed to me a wonderful power she had of drawing people to her, and I could not wonder as I saw Don Cassino hang upon her words, and watched the thrill of pleasure that shot over his manly countenance when in her presence.

The great power seemed to lie in her eyes, as though there was something behind them, an ability to read the thoughts of others, and in that way to adapt herself, and the style of her conversation, so as to influence her listener in precisely the way and manner she chose.

The Don had also a sister, a widow lady, but so cool and dignified in manner, I never got beyond the necessary words to be used at meals, about the only place where I saw the lady, sitting bolt upright in a straight-backed chair, and for whom I had such an awe, I was sure to make some blunder, or to speak in such a manner as to reflect upon my parents, in the estimation of Donna Teresa.

There was also another individual who interested me greatly, and with whom I was soon on as good terms as with Don Montil himself. This was the Padre, a tall, handsome man, with snowy hair, resting upon a broad, well shaped forehead, shoulders slightly stooping, but with such a calm, placid look; such thoroughly refined and gentlemanly manners, as were a sure passport to favor. Highly intellectual, this man's conversation was a continual feast, heightened by wit, and seasoned by gems of wisdom, evincing not only high-toned morality, but a deep undercurrent of religious feeling.

There were also many sources of amusements, and avenues of enjoyment, about Don Montil's establishment; grand old rooms hung with silken drapery and pictured saints; with long, dim corridors leading away to antique apartments, fitted up with taste and elegance, but fashioned in the olden time.

Not given to fear, or troubled with superstitious notions, it was my delight to steal away occasionally, and stray through these tenantless rooms, looking at the pictures, whether of saint or sinner, hardly knowing the difference, for we were not of the Catholic faith; and every one was a saint whose life was seen to accord with the beautiful example given us. Then, there were parties and masked balls at the different haciendas; and under the escort of Don Cassino and the Donna Teresa for chaperone, Inez and I were sure to be there. She peerlessly beautiful, the acknowledged queen wherever she went; while to me, fresh from that land of mist and joy, it seemed like a fair dream; the Senors and Senoritas, mythical beings, liable to dissolve and melt away into thin air. The many rides, sauntering along in those easy-going palanquins, or dashing by on well-trained ponies, or long, slim-bodied horses of the Arabian breed. Whatever was done, there was enjoyment in it—life ran in a golden channel, and broad paths opened bordered with flowers of exquisite sweetness.

In the meantime preparations were going on for the marriage, which was to take place in the following spring. Don Cassino's family were also making extensive outfits; and as good taste is fostered by wealth, there was no lack of either, and the nuptials were to be gorgeous.

It chanced one evening, I had left my father and Don Montil engaged in some grave metaphysical question, of much seeming importance to them; of less profit to me, as I understood little of the subtle influence they were endeavoring to unravel. Inez and Don Cassino, were so wrapped in dreams of the future, I knew they would never miss me; so drawing my lace mantle closely about my shoulders, as the halls were damp and chill, I wandered along the corridor, and up a narrow, winding stair-case, that brought me at once on to the same floor with the chapel. The door was partly open, and sweet, solemn strains of music where distinctly heard. With a new and peculiar feeling, I wandered down the aisles, and under the gothic arches, till I came in front of the altar, its lighted tapers throwing a soft, pearl light over carved statues and painted canvas. Instinctively I dropped on my knees before the picture of what seemed to me only a beautiful woman with a lovely infant in her arms; but which, the Padre, as he came forward and laid his hand on my head, told me was the Madonna, the sweet mother of our Lord.

He said that he was glad to see I had something of the true faith. He felt sure from the first it would be so; he had prayed to the Virgin for me, and she had been so kind as to hear.

So good and noble he seemed, standing thus reverently before the altar, his white locks streaming down over a face revealing only holy feeling, I could not dispel the illusion, for I could not see any harm in thus being on my knees, if it gave him any pleasure to think it was the Virgin that had influenced. It surely could not be wrong. Then rising, I was passing down the aisle, stopping before the pictures, with what to him seemed pious zeal.

"Stay a moment, Senorita, you are fond of pictures. And there is one you look so very like. It is for that reason I have prayed so earnestly, trusting that you may in time become as pure and good as St. Cecile. Would you like to see it?"

"A! buenas, mio bueno, padre."

With a quiet, steady movement he opened a small door at the side of the altar, and revealed a large room I had not seen before, high walls and arched roof, in keeping with the interior of the chapel, lit up by one large window, through which the last red light of a setting sun streamed through the stained glass in glorious effulgence;—and bringing the cross that surmounted the top out so clearly I was forced to stop in awe, so vividly the history all came back to me. The cold, tiled floor, the walls thick set with books, and pictured saints of rare and costly workmanship. The exquisite white marble crucifix standing on the table, thus keeping before the mind the terrible agony of Calvary; folios and manuscripts scattered in lavish profusion. The arm-chair and study-table, all showed at once it was the padre's own especial room for thought and meditation. While in a line with the table, and directly opposite the study-chair the face and figure of a sweet English girl, the soft, blue eye and oval face, the broad, low forehead, round which thick clustering curls of light, brown hair, the red lips slightly parted, and filled with a holy light, the delicately clasped hands, the tout ensemble so charmingly sweet and tender, the tears came into my eyes, and my head drooped instinctively.

I looked up, the padre had sunk into the chair, and hardly conscious of the effort, I seated myself on the hassock at his feet.

"Bueno, padre, tell me of the good Cecile. I would be like her; she does not look like the rest of the saints, so far away and cold, but as one like us somebody to be loved and worshipped."

"True, Senorita, somebody to be loved and worshipped, there can be no harm, she's a saint now." Passing his long, thin hand over his forehead. "Had she lived she would have been old now, her hair white like mine. It is a long story, and only known to Don Montil, but you look so like her, and it may be she sent you to me on purpose," while he mused thoughtfully:

"I was the only son of one of the oldest and most influential families in Madrid. Educated at Salamanca, and endowed with those natural advantages that made it but reasonable, my friends should hope much from me. Early in life my father had promised my hand to the infant daughter of Don Alvero Pelayo, a man who stood high at court, and with whom an alliance would be an especial favor.

"Loving study for its own sake, I had given myself up to my books with an energy that taxed my constitution, never strong to the utmost; health failed, and as soon as I had received the honorary degrees the physician advised my father to send me for the year to the Marquesas Islands, assuring him that the climate would prove beneficial, and my shattered frame thoroughly invigorated. I did not fancy the prescription, and would much preferred to have remained at Salamanca, but my father was imperious, and, besides, the little Pelayo was hardly old enough for a wife. A consideration that did not greatly affect me, as I had seen her but few times, and that through the bars of a convent.

"It was decided, however, that I was to go, and the better to render restoration effectual, several students joined me willingly, some for health, others curiosity, and all to make more or less of the adventure.

"It was a long time ago when my hair was black and glossy, Senorita. We left Madrid in high spirits. Secured the service of a staunch ship, with a well-known captain and able seamen, fitting up, and making ourselves comfortable with maps, charts, books, hammers for geological research, herbariums for the preservation of unknown flowers, clothes suitable for a warmer climate, hunting and fishing tackle, and all the paraphernalia necessary for health and enjoyment. We embarked from Salamanca, taking care to number two or three that could speak already the Polynesian language.

"The evening we sailed was cloudless, the last red lights touching the waves, and then glancing off into crimson and gold. And as we left the port, amid the good wishes of our friends and the acclamations of the seamen, it would be difficult to define the feelings that thrilled each heart.

"Sadness was not in the programme, however—and we did our best to banish it as we walked the deck, watching the town as it disappeared gradually from our view, till the stars came out, one by one, and the moon silvered the waves and brightened our pathway, while water nymphs danced about the prow and held up phosphorescent lamps, with their weird faces, and sharp, bright eyes, beckoning us down to their coral homes.

"There was a magical influence as they tossed their light curls and kissed their hands in glee, and not feeling it was best to follow to their shell-paved halls, we turned to our cabin, metamorphosed into as comfortable a parlor as a landsman might claim, and examined our stores, feeling sure that a world of enjoyment would open to us, the cup of pleasure, headed to the brim.

"Captain Leon was also a bold, jolly seaman, with countless fund of anecdote, interspersed with changes, sure to make us laugh. And many the evenings sitting on deck, our feet resting on the coil of ropes near the capstan, we listened to his long yarns of the sea and adventures with the numerous craft he had encountered, whether on land or water, until we came to appreciate, as we had never done before, the brave, generous, self-sacrificing lives of those who ride the billows.

"Thus floating along, a world by ourselves, there were many strange thoughts woven into the romance of the hour, and fairy tales of mermaids, who had wiled the seamen to their moss-wreathed homes, promising such stores of wealth, with gold and gems as landsmen never knew. But, strange! and unaccountable those that went never returned, preferring their new homes, with coral halls, and floors of diamonds, to the humdrum life of sun and shade to be found by mortals.

"We also touched at several small islands that looked in the distance like hanging gardens, suspended, and held immovable above the blue waves, their superabundance of trailing vines and flowers kissing the surface, thus keeping fresh and luxuriant; while birds of gay plumage folded their bright wings over downy nests, cradled in the luxuriant branches crooning out over the blossoms, a rare love poem. And strange beings in mortal shape, costumed in a fashion of their own, crossed the coral reefs in light canoes; not tossing their white arms and kissing their hands like the mermaids; but bringing tangible offerings of rare and delicious fruits. The females, not in white veils and diamond hair-pins, but loosely clad in strips of cloth, their heads crowned with flowers and cocoanut leaves.

"Sometimes, availing ourselves of the opportunity to go on shore and learn in truth, whether the island was the work of enchantment, the device of the sea queen, who, not successful in winning us to her bowers, devised this plan to bribe us into the acceptance of her hospitality.

"But we always returned, satisfied that it was a reality—with hills, and valleys, birds, blossoms, and real, bonafide men and women, living and dying, very much like other people; in this little spot of sheltered loveliness, tossed, petted, and caressed by the dash and roar of the limitless sea.

"Not winning us in this way, Eolus lent his aid; and for a day and night, he tossed on mountain billows, and down into inky blackness the maddened demon raving above us, and threatening speedy destruction. Tired of this, they scooped up the water in ladles of silver, and multitudes together reared up huge columns of crystal with dark clouds for back-ground, terrific in their beauty.

"Dazzled, blinded by this wondrous show, we were glad to crave a parley—and this was the more readily done on our part, as Captain Leon had found a leak, probably where our prow had come in contact with the silver ladles the mermaids and mermen had used in scooping up the sea. Be this as it may, repairs were necessary, and before noon we lay at anchor before the largest of fine islands, commonly known as the Marquesas, and sufficiently near the point for which he had embarked.

"Thus freed from the ship, we spent whole days in exploring the islands. Not even and level, as we had at first thought them, but hilly, often mountainous, their sides covered with verdure, and at their base fertile, and luxuriant valleys.

"It would be difficult for the strongest imagination to conceive an earthly paradise more lovely, and often did we fling us at our own length under the spreading shade of some giant tree, and laugh at the little thoughts of the long ago, when at Salamanca we had studied so hard and thought so deeply, our brains tangled with monarchies, republics, and dynasties, crowned heads, and exiled conquerors—all the while these little sea-girt homes, showing prettily, safe in his power, guarded and guided by the angels.

"But the strangest and most beautiful thing that could have happened—nestled away, in one of those charming mountain gorges, fanned by the soft breeze of a perpetual spring, we found a brave old English Admiral, and his daughter, the charming Edith Warleigh.

"Surprise took away all power of speech—our first words in Spanish, which the latter could not well understand; but soon comprehending the difficulty, I seized upon the French, and led off into English, a little of which I had learned from a fellow student in Salamanca.

Suffice to say, Admiral Warleigh had seen much service. Meeting with reverses where he had expected favor, he returned to England with shattered nerves and broken constitution, to find only one of the loved ones he had left behind. Edith had been a delicate, frail child, to whom a milder climate had always been necessary. For him a more genial atmosphere was recommended.

"Thinking only of quiet, and perhaps impatient to bide away from a world that had not met his expectations, he sailed for the Marquesas. It was ten months since their arrival; they had been looking several weeks for a return ship, and had watched one in the distance, thinking it to be the one for which they sought.

"My comrades were as much delighted as myself with this adventure, and thought, I verily believe, there was nothing too bright and beautiful to expect in their wanderings.

"The climate, to say nothing of the luscious fruit that ministered to their physical wants, had gone far towards renewing health and manly vigor, while Edith, from being a sickly child, had suddenly expanded into a beautiful woman.

"The tall, elegant figure, the proud head, with its wealth of sunny curls, poised on a neck of alabaster whiteness, her cheek had the soft, velvet bloom of early childhood, while her eyes of blue danced in mirth, or suffused in tears, made us all worshippers.

"By the help of the natives, Edith had managed to give their rude shelter quite an English appearance. Originally only a thatched roof, supported by posts and rafters, now covered with lattice-work, and overrun with flowering vines, it looked like a floral temple. The floors covered with beautifully fringed matting, and in the rows of wooden stools and dishes, the Admiral indulged his pipe in a veritable easy chair, and drank his punch out of a silver goblet, while a dainty wicker chair, with work-box and writing-table, occupied a favorite niche where the natives were accustomed to watch the bright-eyed English maiden, thinking, in their untaught hearts, a present from their God, and made it the aim of their devotion to watch and do her bidding.

"Thus the days passed—Captain Leon and Admiral Warleigh talking of armadas, fleets, and navies, while Edith and I wandered over the hills and through the valleys, scenting out some rare delight in bird or blossom, some charming scenery, or moss of marvellous beauty, driving into deep gorges and tangled thickets, dropping pebbles into the pools and eddies, and looking down into the transparent water, seeing coral of every shape and color, with fish of various hue and size constantly sporting.

"Then filling our hands with oranges, and limes, citrons, tamarinds, and figs, and back to our invalid and his friend, a charming Eden with a veritable Eve; I began to understand what I had not learned in books, a sweet inspiration song, but not taught by poets of the olden time.

"Gradually our books were brought from the ship, and whole evenings were passed in teaching Edith to master the Spanish, while in the mornings I practiced with the Admiral in English, French being the ordinary medium of intercourse.

"But as I grew enraptured, with each day drinking in some new delight, some marvel of scenery, Alonzo Mendez, my companion, and nearest friend at college, grew sad and restless.

"I could not account for it. The gayest of our party when we left Barcelona, the wildest in all sports and amusements, suddenly grew strange and gloomy. I rallied him; he must be sick. No, he was very well. Admiral Warleigh suggested home sickness, and Edith exerted herself to make the hours pass pleasantly when he was by; I even went so far as to speak to the ship's surgeon.

"'Let him alone; the fellow is homesick, that's all.'"

"But I did not see how he paled and flushed by turns when Edith was near, the absent, timid manner, so foreign to him.

"Not naturally jealous, and happy in the thought that Edith was mine, and Mendez was my friend, I dreamed not that anything could come between me and the new hope that had sprung up in my heart, the sweet entrancing bliss, as I read my answer in Edith's eyes, and knew her pure and trusting heart was all my own.

"Sweet days of dreaming, to be followed by whole years of misery, the heart throbbing with its weight of happiness, the entire being veiled in sweet content; the sky, the air, the winds bearing sweet messages of love, filling the soul with a subtle influence, delicious—perhaps fatal.

"Months had passed; our ship was pronounced seaworthy. It was time to return.

"Admiral Warleigh and Edith were to remain with us, until we could speak an English bound vessel; and in a few months I was to sail for Falmouth, my happiness complete.

"All of these arrangements had been made without a thought of the little Spanish girl still in the convent, and to whom my father had pledged my hand. I had never seen her but twice. I had no heart in the matter. I would tell them so, and of course they would release me from all obligation.

"Thus I argued, and gave myself only more completely to the sweet dream of the present.

"My only thought was to be near Edith, to know and feel her mine.

"But while all was sunshine in our hearts, a great sorrow was in keeping. Admiral Warleigh had rallied surprisingly since our acquaintance, but it proved to be only the last flickering of a spent life. Three days before we were to sail he died, but not before he had given me the right to care for Edith, had made us kneel by his chair while he craved Heaven's choicest blessings on his children.

"It was not thought possible to take his body to England, and we buried him there, promising ourselves that at some future time his remains should lie by the side of the others in his sea girt island home.

"Edith mourned him deeply, and in her trusting love and loneliness, only clung to me the closer. Since the blessing of her father she felt the bond more sacred, and was less guarded in the exhibition of real feeling. I blessed her in my heart for this. I loved her for her goodness, her purity of soul, as well as for her matchless beauty.

"Thus passed the days homeward, quiet and subdued, in keeping with Edith's feelings. Even Captain Leon had a deep sympathy for the sweet child, destitute of any near kindred. Oh, how I longed for the right to claim her at once. But her father had made the arrangements, and I knew that she would abide by them, however earnestly I might beg.

"'In a few months. It would soon pass, and then my joy would be full.' What a sweet, delicious feeling thrilled my heart as I said this to myself, and Edith's grief would be softened by that time. How proud I should be to introduce her to my parents. How they would joy in her peerless beauty, my sweet English bride.

"And Mendez, as we neared home, regained his usual elasticity of spirits.

"No longer did he shun Edith; neither did he pale if she spoke to him, or tremble if by chance her hand touched his. On the contrary, he liked to be near her, and his eye had a look of confidence when it met hers.

"Had I loved him less, or known then what it was to distrust, it might have been otherwise.

"I had flattered myself of leaving Edith with her friends in England, then back to Madrid. But when we reached Barcelona, I found an imperative order demanding my presence at court, and before such time as I could make the journey.

"In this dilemma Mendez offered his escort—there were no demands for him—he had plenty of time. He was my friend, and I trusted my treasure to his keeping. Many were the tears as the good-bye was said and the last kiss given. Still I did not for a moment doubt but in a very few months we should again meet, and so tried to be brave and strong for Edith's sake.

"They sailed for Falmouth, and I to Madrid. The denouement was fearful. My family had become acquainted with the particulars of our stay on the island, the acquaintance and subsequent engagement with Edith Warleigh.

"Exasperated beyond measure my father denounced me as unworthy to be his son, while Don Pelayo was no less infuriated at what he termed a breach of faith. The matter was carried before the court, and for five months I was kept a close prisoner.

"In the meantime, but one message had I sent to Edith, and that during the first days of our absence, and before I had reached Madrid; neither had a line reached me from her.

"Frantic, and almost beside myself, at the effect I knew my silence must have upon her, I broke away from all restraint, determined only to see Edith.

"To elude pursuit, I set off directly for Paris. And there learned the treachery of my friend Alonzo Mendez. He was the one who had inflamed the mind of my father, and procured a demand for my presence at court.

"Once rid of me, and with Edith in his keeping, he had informed her of my betrothal; that it would be impossible for me to meet my engagement with her. Above all, that it was probable, knowing me as well as he did, that I had no deeper meaning than to while away the hours in that charming retreat—a dream that would be forgotten when presented at court, and surrounded by the beautiful, highborn, Senoritas of my own climate.

"All of this he told so frankly, and begged her to dismiss all further thoughts of me, and accept the love he could not longer withhold.

"Overcome with grief and the crushing, withering anguish of what might be in store for her, she still had strength sufficient to drive him from her presence.

"I found him in Paris—upbraided him for his treachery; and when he answered defiantly, I shot him through the heart.

"What happened after that, I hardly know. When I awoke to consciousness, I was lying in a large room, with kind faces about my pillow; but all was strange. They said I had been sick with a raging fever; and that the name of Edith was often on my lips.

"It was weeks before I recovered sufficiently to travel. And with hardly strength to move, I set out for England. More than a year had passed since we separated; I found her but a shadow of herself, while she was no less startled at my appearance.

"She told me of all Mendez had said. And I could then account for his changed mood, and appearance on the island. Also for the return of his good spirits, when the news had gone, and the plot arranged whereby he intended to win my treasure.

"I did not leave her; she lived but a few weeks, and died in my arms. That is her picture."

The tears were raining down my cheeks; I put up my arms and clasped the old man's neck.

"Mio bueno padre," while a kiss nestled on his thin lips. I forgot all, save that he suffered, and I pitied him.

"My dear child, I had not told you this, but that you remind me so often of my precious Edith."

The sun was down, and the shadows creeping about the picture; while a celestial brightness seemed to wreath the lips, and encircle with a halo the beautiful head.

Silent and still, I left him to his musings, and wandered down the narrow stair-case, and through the ample halls. Inez and Cassino were still talking; while my father and Don Montil had not finished the question under discussion.

The padre did not make his appearance at the supper-table that night. Was it a penance for my kiss? or for thinking so much of the old life? In the morning he looked so pale and wan that I shuddered.

"Not long and the two will meet; I shall almost be glad." And I longed for the quiet of my old room, that I might weep the pain away when I thought of Edith Warleigh, and all the good padre must have suffered.

We stayed some weeks longer; and if you are not tired of this, perhaps I may tell you of a wedding that took place at the hacienda not not many days afterward.

"Your Ticket, Sir."

On one of the northern railroads there is a conductor named S——, a very clever, sociable, gentlemanly man, a great favorite with the company he is connected with, and the traveling public in general—fond of a joke, quick at repartee, and faithful in the discharge of his duties. During the past year, as his train, well filled with passengers, was crossing a bridge over a wide stream some seven or eight feet deep, the bridge broke down, precipitating the two passenger carriages into the stream. As the passengers emerged from the wreck, they were borne away by the force of the current. Our friend S—— had succeeded in catching hold of some bushes that grew near the stream, to which he held for dear life. A passenger, less fortunate, came rushing by. S—— extended one hand, saying:—"Your ticket, sir; give me your ticket." You can imagine the effect of such a dry joke in the midst of the water.

PIG IN THE BED.—A little girl had been entertained with stories about pigs one evening, and highly amused with an imitation from a facetious brother, of the manner in which they "grunt."

The following morning, she rose from her "nest" beside her father, and listened to his *snoring* with unfeigned astonishment. After a moment, she cried out,

"Mamma, mamma, do, dust tome 'ere! Pon my life, I tink dere's a pig in dis bed."

THE DANDY.

Oh! there is something noble—
  Something sublime I know
In that nondescript creation
  A modern dandy beau.

He is not the Latin "homo"—
  The Latin has no phrase
Expressing such a dandy
  As we see now-a-days.

I will tell you all about him—
  About his handsome vest—
His pretty standing collar—
  The diamond on his breast.

His primrose kids are faultless
  In fitting and in shade,
You wonder at his necktie,
  And how that bow was made.

His little hands are pretty,
  Soft, dainty, useless things,
And on the fingers sparkle
  Most beautiful seal rings.

His boots are quite a study—
  No painter could impart
Unto the speaking canvas
  Their soul-bewildering art.

And then his conversation,
  So easily it flows,
That who it's to, or what about,
  Nobody cares, or knows.

"Yes, Miss," he lisps so sweetly,
  Or "My dear Miss Nell,"
That I can't one-half the touching
  Pathos on paper tell.

Now don't mistake the Dandy,
  Or think that he is vain
Of his white hand when he flourishes
  His graceful little cane.

Late on a Sabbath morning
  He saunters up the aisle,
An expression of "just see me,"
  Upon his face the while.

Now I admire a Dandy,
  He's such a pretty pet,
Better than a canary,
  Or bright-winged paroquet.

Speak kindly to the Dandy,
  And never give him pain,
For softer than his pretty hands
  Is the poor Dandy's brain.

MRS. H. A. H.

EVE ISLE;

OR,

THE CALYPSO'S LAST VOYAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM DINGLEBY'S DIPLOMACY," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

Ralph Gale's discomfiture had been as complete as it was sudden. Not a doubt existed in his mind as to the supernatural character of the apparition, for he knew the broad leagues of ocean that lay between where he was and the little islet, upon which cousin and St. Anna had been left.

The recollection of all the enormities he had committed during the whole course of his reckless life flashed through his mind like a gleam of lightning, and in punishment for his last crowning act of deliberate perfidy, one of his victims had risen up in bodily shape to torment him, when he knew that if still alive that person was far away. What wonder then that horror-stricken and deeming himself pursued by a vengeful phantom, he should have thrown aside his weapon and fled in abject fear.

But the terror that had obtained temporary mastery over him would not be left behind. It kept even pace with him, and was always at his elbow, or peering over his shoulder. The shadows of the forest at that solemn hour of night, assumed fantastic shapes, and to his excited imagination might have been whole legions of goblins sent from the infernal regions to worry and drive him mad. When he would have stopped from sheer exhaustion, he fancied he saw slowly arising from behind some bush or rock, the solitary figure of the boy, and again with a howl of mortal fright, he dashed onward, coming in contact with trees and bushes, and being bruised and wounded in consequence, sometimes becoming entangled in the clinging toils of trailing vines, that threw him to the earth with such violence that for a time he lay there stunned and almost senseless staggering to his feet, and dashing away again, only to meet with the same hard usage, and rising each successive time more weak, bruised, and bloody than before.

Ralph Gale expiated many misdeeds in that one fearful night, if human suffering can make atonement for human transgressions, and it is probable that absolutely demoralized as he was by superstitious fear, that seemed to increase upon him every moment, he would have gone on till utterly exhausted, and then fallen down to die miserably for the combined effects of his mental excitement and terrible exertions and the bruises with which he was covered from head to foot. But it was not so to be. He had arrived at a narrow, sluggish lagoon over which he attempted to spring, but fell short and sunk in the treacherous soil near the farther bank, and but for the depending branch of a tree that was fortunately within his reach he would have suddenly and ignominiously disappeared from this history.

The presence of real danger had the effect of relieving Ralph Gale from his imaginary causes of terror. He was cool, collected, and desperate in a moment. He understood the nature of the accident that had befallen him, and that escape from his unpleasant dilemma depended in a great measure on his caution and presence of mind.

Some faint signs of returning day began to be apparent, and partly that he might have the benefit of increasing light and partly to regain in a measure his exhausted strength, he remained for a little time quite submerged nearly to his neck in the thick adhesive mud and water, and only sustaining himself in that position by the assistance of a friendly branch.

In this plight he took a hasty retrospective glance at the incidents of the night, and fairly ground his teeth in impotent rage as a moment's cool reflection showed him how he had been the victim of his own folly. How St. Anna could have appeared before him in the flesh at that time and place was a problem the solution of which he was not inclined to attempt under existing circumstances, but there St. Anna had been to a certainty, or else he had been frightened by an optical delusion, for although Ralph Gale was sometimes momentarily the slave of superstitious fancies, he was by no means a believer in aught that was not susceptible of explanation by the rules of logic and common sense, and in the present instance so thorough had been his mental reaction, that he was as fully persuaded of the absurdity of his late fears as he had been of the reality of a menacing danger but a little time previous.

He was alternately revolving in his mind the best means of escaping from this practical Slough of Despond, and of remedying the consequences of his own stupidity when he became aware of the approach of two or more persons. He could not see them, but he could hear their voices and the sound of their footsteps. He listened attentively. One voice at least did not seem altogether strange to him, yet it was not Mr. Conrod's nor St. Anna, nor yet that of Mr. Fay.

It occurred to him that some of his own crew might have escaped from the wreck and be wandering about in the hope of making their way to some settlement. If that was the case the scale of fortune was trembling in his favor again. He knew them all to be desperate, unscrupulous, and in his interest, and with two or three such coadjutors to assist him he might still pursue and repossess himself of Gertrude, despite the aid her father and the mate could render her, even admitting that St. Anna had also found means to appear upon the scene of action.

He resolved to hazard a cry for assistance. The voices and footsteps ceased for a moment, and then some one responded:

"Hello! who's there?"

"If you range alongside you'll see for yourselves," Ralph surlily responded, feeling confident that he was addressing at least one of his own men.

There seemed to be a brief parley, and then the trampling was heard again, and presently after the Idumean's retinue forced their way through the bushes, and stood face to face with the astonished commander of the wrecked Calypso, who at once recognized in the person who seemed to be the leader of the party a man who had formerly sailed in his own employ, and one who was more thoroughly after his own heart than any rascal he had ever had the pleasure of rating on his ship's books.

The recognition was mutual, notwithstanding Ralph's submerged position, and no sooner did the Bostonian obtain a glimpse of him than he stopped, exclaiming,

"Captain Gale! as I'm a sinner! where do you hail from, and what the devil are you doing there with your figure-head just sticking out of the water?"

"Wrecked on the coast off here in the squall last night—my men, if any of them are left scattered. I was trying to make my way somewhere when I tumbled into this cursed lagoon, that was near being the death of me."

"What possessed you to go prowling about the woods in the night time? You're about the last man I should have suspected of such tomfoolery."

"See here, Dan Storker! If you'll have the goodness to set me on dry ground, I can talk with a good deal more satisfaction to myself, and can be no doubt vastly more entertaining to you and your shipmates."

"Well to be sure, I shouldn't wonder if you could, captain. Here, boys, take hold and out with him!"

The order was promptly obeyed, and in due time Ralph Gale found himself once more on terra firma, but stiff, sore, and scarcely able to move.

"You're a gay-looking bird!" Mr. Storker observed, after taking a deliberate survey of Ralph's mud-begrimed figure. "You don't exactly remind one of a mermaid—you've more the look of old Neptune himself just off the biggest kind of a spree."

This pleasantry ill accorded with Ralph's mood, but it was so obviously sound policy to maintain friendly terms with Mr. Storker and his associates, that he concealed the displeasure that would certainly have found vent had circumstances rendered it safe, and joined heartily in the laugh his appearance created.

"So that was your vessel that was wrecked last night!" pursued Mr. Storker when the merriment had subsided. "We've just been down to look after matters thereabouts before any one else saved us the trouble, but it is little we got for our pains. That craft of yours must have been split into kindling wood."

"You're in the wrecking line, I take it," Ralph said carelessly.

"We do a little at that, though we are not confined to any one branch of industry, in short we're active partners in a concern extensively engaged in general business," said the Bostonian with a sly leer.

"I understand, and unless you have changed materially since we used to sail in company, your abilities are appreciated in an establishment of that sort."

"Why yes, pretty well. I've nothing to complain of in that direction," was Mr. Storker's philosophical answer; "but, by-the-way, did you happen to have an old gent and his daughter, a deuced pretty girl on your passenger list?"

"I did, and would give something handsome to know what has become of them," Ralph Gale said, endeavoring to conceal from the shrewd eye of his companion the anxiety his question had awakened.

"I can give you the information for nothing. You're the sort of man to be interested in the welfare of your passengers, particularly the young and pretty ones, so you'll be pleased to hear the young lady is safe, and her father too for that matter."

"Aye, aye; but where are they?"

"With the head of our firm, a good, honest man. He came across them, and as they were strangers, he took them in according to Scripture."

Ralph regarded the speaker keenly for an instant, as if for the purpose of understanding the precise meaning of his speech.

"Storker," he said "let me have a word with you."

"Twenty, if you like, provided they're to the point," the other rejoined, moving a little aside beyond earshot of his companions.

"My words are usually to the point. In the first place, what are you now—and where is this girl? I can make it worth your while to act in concert with me."

"Perhaps you can—but if we're going into personal confidence; what are you at present, and what do you want of her?"

"I am the captain of a wrecked merchantman. The girl I have a fancy for. She has cost me too much trouble and plotting to lose now. My God! when I recall how deep a scheme I laid, how well it was executed, and how completely she was in my power, I am ready to dash my own brains out, to think how stupidly I let her slip through my fingers."

"That wouldn't help matters, Captain Gale; but if you have a mind to tell me just what you've been up to, and where you stand, for I don't like working in the dark, and can satisfy me that you can make it for my interest to serve you, you've hit upon about the only man who can help you in this affair."

Ralph's decision was quickly made. He had known Storker of old—he had betrayed none of the trusts confided to him in former times, and he believed he might confide in him now.

"It's a bargain," he said, extending his hand. "You shall know all, and judge for yourself whether I am in a position to take care of my friends."

He then commenced by explaining the will of his uncle, and its curious provisions, the way in which he had been engaged to make the voyage with his cousin, his plan for entrapping Mr. Fay and his daughter into accompanying him, how he had left Wayne Illdreth on the island, and was on his way back to the States to claim his inheritance when the accident occurred that had put a sudden check upon all his plans.

"You're a prime schemer," was Mr. Storker's complimentary observation, when he was in possession of the whole history. "You're a man of extraordinary talent, and I don't mind taking a hand with you. You understand pretty well what I am, but the head of our gang is the strangest mortal you ever ran afoul of. I suspect, though I don't know, that he belongs to some secret society; and that the girl's father does too, and made himself known in some way. At all events he has taken them both under his protection, and has them at headquarters entertaining them like princes."

"Your surmise is very likely correct—but how is she to be got away?"

"I've a plan that I think will accomplish what we wish. You want a vessel and men after you get the girl. We've a little schooner concealed on the coast near by, that would answer for a cruise to Panama; and by the time we get there, I should say the girl might be perfectly willing to stay with you on your own terms, if you know what kind of arguments to use. As for the men, these fellows might be persuaded to assist in securing a lady and taking a trip to New York by the way of Panama, if they are promised a reasonable share of that fortune you expect to inherit."

"Your plan is excellent, Storker, though upon my life, I don't see that we need these fellows beyond Panama. We could find our way from there to New York alone, and what's the use of dividing among half a dozen, what one can take care of?"

"That's a sensible suggestion, Captain Gale, very sensible. We understand each other perfectly; and now for a chat with the boys."

Returning to his associates, Mr. Storker held a whispered conference with them, while Ralph Gale looked after him with such a sardonic smile playing for an instant round his mouth, that had his confederate observed it, it might have occurred to him that he held his prospective portion of Hugh Illdreth estate by an exceedingly insecure tenure.

Mr. Storker had not over-estimated the influence he had with his companions, and in a few moments Ralph had the satisfaction of learning that all was arranged.

A council was then held, and it was determined to return to the headquarters of the band that night, and endeavor to secure the person of Gertrude by stealth; if they failed in this, as Mr. Storker was reasonably confident they would, then force was to be used—but as the Idumean was unattended save by Mr. Fay and a few women, there could be no question as to the event.

Having made these satisfactory arrangements, they returned to the coast only a little way distant, for Ralph had performed his wild race almost in a circle, and inspected the schooner; after which they lay down to rest, and await the arrival of the tide for putting their plans in execution.

CHAPTER XXV.

It was a happy re-union, and after all the perils each had undergone, it was almost as though they were meeting friends again from whom they had parted on the strand of the River of Death.

St. Anna was almost wild with delight, and regardless of all conventionalities, he flew rather than ran to Gertrude's side, embraced her passionately, and then with his arms still clasped around her neck, bowed his face upon her shoulder and wept like a girl.

Gertrude did not try to remove the encircling arms, for notwithstanding the unexpectedness of the salutation, her delicacy was not offended, and something in her heart spoke so warmly for the weeping, impassioned boy, that she yielded to the impulse, and raising his face, gently kissed his forehead.

"Oh! Gertrude! Gertrude!" was his eager, earnest cry. "I am so happy now, when I am sure of your safety, that I have no words to express it. Had mischief befallen you, I should have died."

Mr. Illdreth was conscious of a well-defined feeling of jealousy, but generosity overcame the baser sentiment.

"My friend, St. Anna, is deserving of your dearest favor, Miss Gertrude," he said, "for the devotion he has exhibited in your service. When he understood the danger by which you were threatened, he proposed following on the Calypso's track in our frail boat, a proposal I am bound in honor to say, I regarded as so hair-brained, that I used without avail, every argument in my power to dissuade him from it, and had we come up with the brigantine, he would have engaged in a hand to hand combat with Ralph Gale himself to have affected your rescue without one moment's hesitation. I am proud to own him as my preserver; and I only speak the unadorned truth when I say that more high-minded devotion and resolute courage, under the most trying circumstances, it was never my fortune to see exhibited by any one. A lady's love could be bestowed on no more worthy object."

"But I am not her lover," St. Anna said, looking suddenly round upon him, and removing his arm from Gertrude's neck to her waist. "She is my sister—my dear sister; nothing else."

"Nothing else, St. Anna," Gertrude answered gently; "but I love you with a sister's devotion."

But the two standing there together were such a handsome pair, that it was excusable perhaps in more than one who looked upon them to say, as they did in their hearts, that it would not be strange if the dark boy and the fair girl thus thrown together should come to regard each other in another light than that of brother and sister by-and-by.

"*Wal*," observed Mr. Conrod, with an approving nod, "I consate that Mr. St. Anna here is an amazin' cute chap for his years—he can't be beat in Ister Bay, that's sartin; and I'm glad he showed his sense this time by kissin' a young woman instid o' me, or our Jerusalem friend here, as I was half expectin' he would."

There was a general laugh, for Mr. Conrod took it upon himself to mention the circumstance upon which his fears had been predicated.

Gertrude perceived her friend was disconcerted by the recital, and at once with feminine tact withdrew attention from him by expressing in eloquent terms her gratitude to those who had done so much in her behalf; then turning to the lady of the *casa*, and taking her by the hand, she said:

"Mr. Illdreth, I have heard a sad story today—the saddest one I ever listened to—My companion here has told me how, for a great sin, she was left many years ago, by her husband, on a little desert islet of the ocean. With her was left another person, who, after a few months, died, and was buried by this woman's unaided hands. For fifteen years she lived in solitude. What she suffered I need not relate, for it is written on her face, and blended with every intonation of her voice. Does this brief outline recall any history into which you have been permitted to look?"

Like one in a trance, Mr. Illdreth stood for some moments gazing on the forlorn spectre before him, and all present save Gertrude shared in his wonder.

"I have indeed had a glimpse of a similar history," he said at last in an agitated voice, "and, madam, I have wandered over that islet, and have stood beside that grave. I went there at the command of your husband, who instructed me if I found you still living to restore you to the world. From your prison you have already escaped, but I should consider that I had ill performed the duty assigned me, did I not offer you a secure home in a civilized land. This I do most cheerfully, and if necessary, I would urge upon you to accept from me, who can well spare it, the means to provide for your future comfort."

The lady of the *casa* fell upon her knees, and covered her face with her hands. "This is more than I deserve," she said. "Oh! my husband! that you whom I wronged so cruelly should have forgiven me at last!"

"God is great!" said the Idumean, raising his hands and eyes reverently to Heaven. "Wonders will never cease."

It was late ere they thought of retiring, there was so much to be said by so many; but at last the lady of the *casa* withdrew to the inner room. Gertrude following her, and the rest disposed themselves as best they could in the outer apartment, with the exception of St. Anna, who, with a blanket wrapped about him, and his double barrelled fowling piece at his side, threw himself upon the ground before the door and gave the rein to his thoughts. What they were is, of course, impossible to say, but that they were sad and unusual was evident, for the long tears were stealing down his cheeks, and now and then a sob he made a brave effort to suppress shook his frame like an ague.

Midnight came and passed, and still the boy lay there, unable to close his eyes in slumber. Suddenly his quick ear detected the sound of stealthily advancing footsteps. He started up, and soon detected the shadowy forms of half a dozen men, whose movements would have told him that their purpose was no honest one, had not an overpowering sense of impending danger warned him to be on the alert, creeping cautiously toward the settlement.

Quick as thought he threw himself upon the earth again, and glided toward the advancing party noiselessly as a cat stealing upon its prey. A few moments sufficed to place him within hearing distance of the only point where the chasm could be crossed, where he lay quiet, with head erect and watchful, behind a little tuft of bushes that concealed him. He had not long to wait. The men moved forward, and were soon at the crossing, where they paused for parley, and St. Anna's glittering eye detected among the number Ralph Gale.

"They're all sound enough asleep by this time," said the man who seemed to be their leader, addressing Ralph, "the girl is probably in the inner room with the woman I told you about. Look after her yourself. We'll take care of the rest, if they wake up."

St. Anna waited to hear no more—he understood it all. With as steady a hand as though about firing at a target, he cocked both barrels of his piece and brought it to his shoulder. He glanced along the weapon, that strange to say was not directed at Ralph Gale, but at the man with whom he talked; the next instant two reports, so near together that they were almost simultaneous, rung out sharp and clear upon the still night air, and Storker, the renegade, with a horrible yell, rolled into the yawning chasm a dead man, his bosom perforated by the contents of both barrels of the intrepid boy's unerring piece.

Springing to his feet, and casting aside the now useless gun, St. Anna flew toward the *casa* like an arrow. Neither Ralph Gale nor his companions were the kind of men to be long nonplussed by such an event, and ere the flying youth had gone a dozen paces, the former had recognized and sent a pistol shot whistling after him, but he failed in his aim, and the next instant St. Anna burst open the door, and stood unharmed among his friends, who had been already aroused by the first shot, as he had calculated they would be, and were standing on the defensive.

"We are betrayed! Ralph Gale, and a band of ruffians, who know this place, and have guided him here, are upon us!" he shouted. "It will be a life or death struggle! Remember Gertrude, and fight like men!"

The words had scarcely left his lips when there was the sound of hurrying feet without, the door flew open, and Ralph Gale, followed by the remainder of the lawless band, were within the apartment.

"Down with every man!" Ralph said, savagely. "I'll take care of that young limb of Satan, who has made himself so officious. I'm in his debt for one practical joke, and I'll settle it now."

The door connecting with the inner chamber had been unclosed, and through it could be seen Gertrude, pale as marble, and clinging for support to the lady of the *casa*. Ralph perceived her, forgetting all else in his desire to secure her person, but with the spring of a panther St. Anna flew past him, planted himself in the doorway, and drew his stiletto.

"If you're bound for perdition, go there!" Ralph thundered, snatching a pistol from a companion, and discharging it full at the boy's unprotected breast. This time his aim was true as death, and with a wild, agonized cry, St. Anna fell backward into Gertrude's outstretched arms.

Again Ralph rushed forward with a horrible imprecation, but it was his last step and his last word. Rising up before him like a huge black pillar, towered a gigantic negro, his face scarcely human from the expression it wore, grasping in his iron hand a capstan bar. The tremendous weapon whirled aloft with a whizzing sound—it descended like a thunderbolt upon Ralph Gale's head, crushing out of it all semblance of humanity, and laid him at the feet of the grim avenger an unrecognizable corpse.

All this had passed in little more than an instant, and now the huge negro, as though the sight of blood had transformed him into the demon he looked, stalked forth like a destroying fiend, dealing his blows in every direction, and with every blow a man fell dead, and ere the other defenders of the place had recovered from the stupor of horror, the battle was ended, and not one of the assailants had escaped with life. All had fallen before the tremendous sweep of that capstan bar.

Ere the tumult had subsided, Wayne Illdreth was kneeling beside the bleeding form that Gertrude still supported in her tender arms. He attempted to unfasten his vest, with a view of discovering the nature and extent of his wound, but with a strange heightening of color upon his pale face, St. Anna motioned him away, saying in a scarcely articulate voice, "Leave me with Gertrude! leave me with Gertrude!"

"You must indeed leave us, Mr. Illdreth," Gertrude said, firmly. "I think I understand why the request is made."

Wayne complied, and went out, closing the door behind him with an intense inexplicable feeling at his heart for which there was no name.

Ten minutes passed in dread silence, and then Gertrude came out, very pale, and trembling violently. "I have a strange thing to tell," she said, "St. Anna, to whom we owe so much, is a woman."

"And my cousin, God help her!" Wayne Illdreth cried, a light breaking in upon him, explaining so much that had been inexplicable in the past.

"You are right," Gertrude said, solemnly, "it is Eve Isle."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PALMER'S TALE.

Far in the purple time, e'er pain
Had yet commenced her ancient reign—
That time which never comes again—

I met a Palmer on the way,
"Oh, wretched youth, in evil day
I find thee," cried that pilgrim grey.

"Thy love is dead: upon her lie
The snowy ceraments, round her cry
The weeping crowd; I saw her die.

"A thousand knights without compare,
A thousand maidens call her fair,
A thousand lilies deck her hair.

"Her golden hair with halo crown'd—"
I heard, and fell upon the ground,
And saw no sight and heard no sound.

Then, where she lay, I came and cried,
"Oh! dearest dear, here let me bide,
Here sleep for ever by thy side."

A voice came from the little hill
Of earth, "O love, be constant still,
Such is the pleasure of my will.

"Go, gather glory in the right;
A soul that dwells in love and light
Shall watch thee in the darkest night;

"And like a bird upon her nest
Shall brood above thee in thy rest,
And at the last shall make thee blest."

Equal to the Emergency.

Not many years ago, two Frenchmen—one wealthy and in the possession of ready cash, and the other poor and penniless—occupied, by chance the same room in a hotel. In the morning the "seedy" one arose first, took from his pocket a pistol, and holding it to his own forehead, and backing against the door, exclaimed to his horrified companion—

"It is my last desperate resource; I am penniless and tired of life! give me five hundred francs, or I will instantly blow out my brains, and you will be arrested as a murderer!"

The other lodger found himself the hero of an unpleasant dilemma, but the cogency of his companion's argument struck him "cold." He quietly crept to his pantaloons, handed over the amount, and the other vamoosed, after locking the door on the outside.

Hearing of this, another Frenchman, of very savage aspect, one night tried to room with a tall, raw-boned gentleman of Arkansas, who had been rather free with his money during the day, and evidently had plenty more behind. Next morning, "Pike" awakening, discovered his room-mate standing over him, with a pistol levelled at his own head, and evidently quaking with agitation.

"What the deuce are you standin' thar for in the cold?" said Pike, propping himself on his elbow, and coolly surveying the Gaul.

"I am desperate!" was the reply. "You give me one hundred dollar, or I will blow out my brain!"

"Well, then, blow and be darn'd!" replied Pike, turning over.

"Bote you will be arrested for so murdare!" persisted the Gaul, earnestly.

"Eh, what's that?" said Pike. "Oh, I see!" and suddenly drawing a revolver and a five-pound bowie knife from under his pillow, he sat upright. "A man may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," he coolly remarked; and at the word, he started for the Gaul; but the latter was too nimble; for the "boss-pistol," innocent of lead, exploded in the air, and with one frantic leap our little Frenchman was standing in his night-robe at the foot of the staircase—a proof that what will suit one latitude will not answer for another.

☞ Ominous—To be importuned by your wife to have your life insured.

JILTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY F. C. LENNARD.

Mine is a summer story, inspired by lovely June skies, and wafted to me by the daintiest of June breezes. Read it with this thought, and its vagaries, frivolities, and incongruities will find ready pardon.

We were a gay party who were met together at the fine old mansion of my grandfather, which is nestled between two hills, not far from the quiet Quaker City. You may have seen the house as you have driven along the romantic banks of the Ballyningo Creek. Its yellow gables peep out from behind lordly old trees; and its quaint chimneys overlook the tops of green hills, on whose summits the finest cattle graze. It is aristocratic and baronial in its appearance; and I like it the better for its age and its quaintness. I loved, when a child, to race up and down its broad halls, to nestle in its deep windows, and explore its many mysterious recesses. I drank in at my grandfather's knee its wonderful history—how a wounded officer had stopped there for rest and refreshment, after the disaster to the American arms at Chads' Ford—how Washington himself had trod "its echoing stairs"—how my great-grandfather stood steadfastly by the Colonial cause in its hour of direst distress.

These childish recollections crowded upon me last summer as I entered once more the well known avenue of elms that led to the antique door of the mansion. I came by invitation, to spend a few weeks there with a dozen or more cousins of both sexes and one or two young ladies who were strangers to me. Perhaps I saddened a little as I walked slowly towards the scene of so many vanished pleasures, and I am sure that I muttered some Horatian fragment consonant with the key-note of my thoughts. It was near sun set, and a dense foliage caused a premature twilight in the avenue, whilst far away in the west glorious cumulus clouds piled themselves above the horizon all resplendent with purple and gold. A blackbird chirped in the tree overhead, and a melancholy bullfrog, in a neighboring pond, grunted a lugubrious welcome. I carelessly slaughtered, with my cane, the lowly snap-dragons, and lilies, which rose up in my pathway, occasionally stopping to gaze on the glories of the western sky. I lingered as long as possible before approaching the house, seeking every imaginary excuse for further delay. The truth is I dreaded my advent among my blooming cousins and their friends. I was just then in love, or rather imagined myself to be, which after all is substantially the same. You probably do not know Alina Maylen, of a certain college-town in Pennsylvania, and, therefore, may want a description of her charms. To be frank, she is a sad flirt—gloriously beautiful, naively witty, and provokingly complaisant. Her lips are in a high degree kissable, as I know by experience; and the tender looks of hers would melt the heart of a Diogenes. I had been making desperate love to this same college idol, and had been moderately successful, and was voted by admiring chums to be a lucky fellow. It was not three weeks before the evening of which I speak, however, that my eyes had been opened to the reality of my situation; we had been walking together by the side of the river, which skirted the town, and had paused to see the moon rise over the water, and to listen to the sounds of gay songs which floated across the glistening waves from barges freighted with the manliest of students and the fairest of belles.

"Alina," said I in my softest tones, "I leave college to-morrow never to return as a student."

"Bon voyage," was her only reply.

"Alina, my heart is buried here."

"Well, I will plant violets over its grave, and water them with my tears."

Then that diabolical twinkle, which is always found in the eye of a flirt, shone in those delicious blue orbs, which for months have been the governing planets in my little universe. My day had gone. Commencement over, my college dignity thrown aside, my place would be filled by another. Inwardly I cursed that handsome junior, who I imagined would be my successor in her affections. Too proud to show my emotion, I laughed a merry laugh, and as we separated, gaily quoted:

"Forget the vows we've breathed,
Forget the sighs we've heaved:
'Twas all an airy madness,
A sort of summer gladness,
Too soft for strong resistance,
Too sweet for long existence."

I had never appeared so cynical in my life—though I habitually assumed the Byronic—as I did that night, while seated on the college lawn with a group of friends, discussing the dark future, and recalling the vivid past. I sneeringly smiled as one after one my comrades recalled some love passage in their books of life, and pitied the more confiding of them who looked forward to an eternity of affection.

"Love," said I sententiously, "is a bubble which bursts when you are about to seize it—a sentimental, ignus fatuus."

My companions gazed at the moon and were silent.

"Yes," repeated I, "love is a bubble, entlingly beautiful, many colored, as symmetrically rounded as the form of the Venus di Medici, but for all that a hollow, heartless bubble."

"Hush," rejoined a lithe handsome junior named Gallingford. "The fair Alina would be angry to hear such infidelity from the lips of her devoted admirer."

My wrath rose at this; in wild language I assured the speaker that Alina was nothing to me. Incredulous smiles answered me, and I felt that some tangible evidence was necessary to corroborate my assertion. I drew from my pocket an envelope, and from thence a card photograph, and, handing it to Gallingford, asked him if he knew the original?

"The fair Alina!" exclaimed he.

So it was. It was a vignette, a faithful copy of the original; she had given it to me a week before. I took it from him, cast it on the ground and crushed it with my heel, whilst the spectators looked aghast. Even then my heart was bursting. To tread on her effigy seemed like trampling on herself. It was a sacrilege, and I knew it. Gallingford and the rest stared, and were silent. With an abrupt "good-night" I took my leave.

That I made a fool of myself on that occasion I have not a shadow of a doubt, but my head was hot, and reflection had taken wings unto itself. Alina had left the town before commencement, and rumor said that she had expressed herself warmly in relation to the occurrence which I have just mentioned. The rupture, therefore, was complete.

As I sauntered up the lawn of my grandfather's house, I heard merry music, and the unmistakable chords of the "Reunion" galop were wafted across the air. I made a circuit to avoid the parlor, and, entering the kitchen, received a hearty welcome from the grey-headed housekeeper, who forthwith showed me to my room, and was about taking her departure when I stopped her.

"Who is in the parlor, Mary?" said I.

"Your cousins, Master Frank, and a heap of company from the neighborhood besides. They are all here to tea."

"Well, Mary, don't say anything about my arrival. I am not very well, and shall not go down to-night."

I threw open the window, and, drawing up a chair, gazed dreamily on the setting sun. Like that orb, thought I, my hopes are setting. Oh, Alina, Alina, college honors were a mockery without your smile! Heartless flirt, may you one day be caught in your own snares! I began to feel restless and discontented—every few moments a bar of music would float up to the window, or a merry peal of girlish laughter come dancing around the gables of the old house. I could stand it no longer. I dressed, descended the stairs so softly, and stood at the parlor door.

It was a scene worthy of Schussele's pencil. A large apartment with enormous windows, in deep recesses, hung with crimson damask, through which the dying rays of the sun shot a lurid glare. Heavy furniture of carved walnut was ranged in profusion around the walls, where it had been placed to give room for the dancers. A few fine pictures hung upon the walls, and massive candelabras stood on the black marble mantel-pieces. There was an air of solid magnificence about the room which contrasted strongly with the stuccoed, flimsy drawing-rooms which are to be found in our modern-built city houses. My grandfather sat in his easy chair, gazing benevolently on the animated scene before him, and apparently striving to analyze the intricacies of the "German." One of my cousins was at the piano, several were on the floor dancing, while others, together with some strangers, were at what is technically called "home" in the parlance of that dance which has within a few years set young America crazy with delight. I took advantage of a pause in the figures to enter, and salute the company. My advent caused considerable sensation, and I was not sorry when the bustle was over. In a few moments I was whirling in the galop, and for the time extremely happy. There is nothing like the "galop" to banish care. Wine pales before it, and fox-hunting hides its diminished head. Once, while I paused a minute to give my partner a breathing spell, I caught a glimpse of a face and figure known, alas, too well to me!

Alina Maylen! How did she get here?

On with the dance; let joy be unconfined! I was gay. I laughed. I was witty. I was boisterous, perhaps. My grandfather declared that I was a jolly fellow. One of my cousins, who, I strongly suspected, was a little in love with me, beamed praises from a pair of splendid black eyes. Would I sing? Of course I would, and the Drinking Song from Lucretia Borgia rolled off my lips. Then there was more dancing. The music went *faster* and *faster*. "Are you tired, Alice," whispered I to the aforementioned cousin, as I gently clasped her in the dance. "No—not at all," she murmured. "Faster, Kate," gasped I to the pianist as we whirled by her—and faster we went, until all the rest of the company stopped to look on. Away—away—whirling—balancing—"now advancing, now retreating"—was there ever such a pleasure? and I gazed fondly on the beautiful Alice, seeming to say with my eyes, "did ever happy man have such a beautiful partner?" We were intoxicated—gloriously drunk with the waltz.

Supper was announced, and the dancing ceased. During the taking of refreshments I kept up the character I had assumed as well as possible, scarcely daring to look at Alina, who was mechanically carrying on a conversation with my grandfather. "Alice," said I, "how does Miss Maylen get here?" "She is staying at her uncle's, about a mile from here, and we thus have made her acquaintance. Is she not lovely?" "I have seen worse looking girls," I replied carelessly, helping myself to water-ice. "By the way, Alice, how *charmingly you* are looking to-night—you are cruelly beautiful. If you and I were not cousins, I should carefully guard my heart. How many victims do you count already?" She blushed, stamped her little foot impatiently, and told me that I was an impudent fellow. I took my revenge that night when I met her in the hall alone. It is no harm, you know, to kiss your cousin. I was a little remorseful that night, though, as I reflected on the events of the day. "Frank Lennard," said I to myself, "you're a snob—a contemptible, cold-blooded fop." Next morning, however, I awoke with a most excellent opinion of myself. In affairs of the heart, remorse rarely is of long duration.

Weeks glided rapidly by, for our time was fully and pleasantly occupied. There were rides and drives around the magnificent country; moonlight boating parties on the romantic Schuylkill, long walks by the river side, innumerable quadrilles and round dances, occasional pic-nics, constant singing, laughing, and flirting. Amidst all this gayety I, though a prominent actor in every scene of pleasure, carried an anxious and troubled heart. Alice and I were thrown together constantly, and I daily felt that Fate was drawing me nearer and nearer to her. In vain did I try to break off the intimacy—it seemed as if the whole household conspired against me. Did I drive out, Alice was sure to be at my side. Did I make one of a cavalcade, I would invariably find myself at the saddle bow of my fair cousin. Nay, even at the table she was my constant neighbor. It was a cruel, inexorable destiny that did this. Unworthy as I was of her pure, confiding affection, she was learning to love me but too well—whilst I still madly loved Alina. I saw this last beauty very frequently, but, as if by common consent, we avoided each other. Sometimes our fingers would touch in the dance, but they conveyed no sympathetic pressure—they grated against each other like cold marble. One night we were dancing the polka quadrille—the new edition—in the second figure of which, as you know, there is a general interchange of partners. To be so near to her and yet so distant was more than I could bear. I whispered—"Alina, is this to last forever?" No reply. "Why are you so cold. You know I love you." A slight smile of contempt played over her beautiful lips, and she made a gesture in the direction of Alice. I shook my head, and would have further explained, but the dance broke in on our conversation, and I had no further opportunity to speak to her.

The next morning I rode over to her uncle's residence, and having alighted, received the overwhelming tidings that Miss Maylen had departed at an early hour for her home, whence she was to make a trip of the Western States.

I rode homeward feeling very much like an ass—if that intellectual quadruped has any feelings. It was with the utmost composure that I announced to my grandfather that I must leave his house the next day.

"What, boy, tired of us already?"

"No, sir, not tired, but it is now the middle of August, and I wish to roam for a week or two at Lake George, and then return to the city in time to commence my law studies in real earnest. I shall leave this charming circle with regret," added I, glancing in my most fascinating manner at the brilliant group which surrounded the table. The brilliant group acknowledged the compliment by sundry smiles and nods, and my vanity led me to fancy that a dewy tear glistened in the eye of more than one of the beautiful girls who called me cousin.

I kissed them all good-by—pressed Alice's hand affectionately, and then went to Lake George. In contemplating its romantic islands I gradually became reconciled to the contemptible position of having been in love with a flirt—and of being conscious that in the summer's campaign I had been ignominiously outgeneraled. I felt sorry for poor little Alice, and hoped her heart would not break—and in this case hope told a true tale.

A year has passed away, and all is well. A course of severe study purged my system of its lingering romance. I heard of the marriage of Alina to some western millionaire with total indifference, and I am lending every assistance in my power to a friend who is in love with Alice. Yet I am convinced that had it not been for my treatment of the photograph I might have been at this day the happy, humble, obedient husband of the fair original, instead of the contented, free, and independent bachelor who pens this sketch.

Dreams.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is Paracelsus, I think, who says "it is as requisite to know evil things as good; for who can know what is good, without first knowing what is evil." And verily I am proving this aphorism to its utmost extent. I am knowing the evils of not having a certain commodity that "Holy Writ" calleth filthy lucre, (well termed, if green-backs, small and great, were intended.)

I have not been away this whole summer—I am too poor—the gloves and laces of the last unhappy year, have swallowed up my meagre income, and all hopes of summer junketings with them. Oh, *fratello mio*, poverty is a black camel, and kneels too often like death, at the doors of those hearts that looked least eagerly for his coming. However—it is best to cultivate a patient heart, *nec scribe fas est omnia*, says old Horace; and perchance if we did see what ills, and distasteful things were sent for, we would own them to have been altogether for the best.

But, this year I had such plans for a happy time in Newport—Echu! some fret and repine because this year they may not see the purple shores of the Mediterranean—or the fantastic grottoes and cliffs of Capri—or lie and hear the sea break upon the shores of Ischia,—and I would have been content so much nearer home; old sea-girt Newport would have filled my soul this year.

Thank God for dreams! at least I may lay me down and dream, that I had shaken loose these shackles of poverty's forging, (cruel as those iron ones which of old held down the Neapolitan Ferontis tortured limbs,) and am free once more to wander at my own sweet will. I may weave a web of the most delicate and *raffine* texture, whose warp shall be made of the brightest agrements of memory, and its woof of the violet-tinted fancies of "auld lang syne."

Ah, *Deo gratias!* who does not welcome dreams, right *well* is their coming, now in these long, weary summer mornings, when one lies panting behind closed jalousies, dying for a breath from old Neptune's sparkling lips. In this sluggard's mood we dream and are happy again, free and prosperous again, heart-whole, strong; life is all before us, full of brave possibilities.

Zauberisch ertonen
Sieh die Phantasien,
Meiner Kindheit hier so licht!
Rosenfarbig schweben,
Duftgebild! und weben,
Ein elysich Traumgesicht.

But I will dream my own fond dreams and have done with Germanising. In the dim morning light, the air heavy with the heat, and fret and turmoil of yesterday's toils—faintly breathing over me, touching me lightly and then dying wearily away, I lie *insouciant* of all the duties this coming twenty-four hours holds in its relentless grasp, close above my head, like the sword of Damocles, ready to fall upon me—and "dream my dream and let the world go by."

Methinks, upon my dreaming a hand is placed, that tender lips are pressing on my sleeping eye-lids—and then a dear and cheery voice cries, "Up, my dearest, time and tide—versus steam and time-tables, wait for no man or woman's slumber, and while my pet lies wrapped in the arms of Morpheus—*fugit irreparabile tempus.*" How quickly I whose laziness in the morning is almost a proverb, spring from lazy inertness to bustling expedition, and long ere my coffee and omlette are ready I stand equipped in linen suit, and hideous "sun-down" eager to be gone.

Then to Walnut Street wharf just in the nick of time, and we are whirling over the desert sands of "les Nouveau Espanols"—then a rush up Gotham's dusty streets to Stewart's, for some last purchases. (We must finish at Stewart's, though they turn over the goods in every other city,) a lunch a la fresco at Millard's, chocolate and chicken-croquets, *glace de Napoli* and a *tasse a la crema*, an olla podrida of a meal. Then swiftly, for we are late, we are driven to Pier No. 3—eagerly we look and ask—which is it, the Metropolis or Empire State! Captain Brown, or some other dear and much to be lauded and prized captain, whom we do not know, and therefore cannot wish for?

Ah! the traveller saint, who is (I believe St. Nicholas,) be praised, on the gangway Capt. Brown's kind, helping hand is outstretched to guide us in safety, and his genial face gives promise that nothing but security awaits our enterprise; the bell dings out its last ding! (I hate a bell, how could Schiller make its clatter the theme of so glorious a song? no lover must ever compare my voice to a bell tone, if he seeks to win my favor; even *bells* have scarce ever a golden sound, a true and heart-*keeping* ring.) The boat swings away just as the last late passenger is hoisted by a dozen eager hands over the railing—and New York lies far in our wake, dim and hazy, growing more and more into obscurity, until she sinks as we watch into nothingness, swallowed up in distance, shrouded in her own sins! Through the "bay" and up the river we glide, and one by one the old land or water marks come out—the forts and prison-houses, this bit of land, and that shady, woody bank, and as we pass them, we greet them with a "good cheer, old friend," "welcome once again, *buon amico*," and as they fade off our retina, we say heartily, "that bit of landscape was worth more than a Greuze or Watteau, since God's tints are more glorious than the imaged brightness of any limner of them all." Then—

Night falls as I linger dreaming,
And calmly flows the (Rhine!)
The peaks of the hills are gleaming,
In the golden sunset shine.

And

The quiet moon amid the clouds,
Like a giant orange glows;
While far beneath the old gray waves
All striped with silver flows.

Then amidst this sentiment comes the merry tintinambulating voice of one of Phillip Brooks's "brown brethren," (so he quaintly terms them) who announce, "supper, gentlemen, in the *saloon.*" Never sound more welcome, however shocked the confession of such unlady propensities may strike you, mine Herr. We have been saving our appetites and enjoying the good things perspectively all day, for we have been this way before, and know just how the plenteous board will groan beneath its load, and welcome us to its sides, with a "come and be filled" sort of air! And leaving romancing, picture-painting, and evening landscapes, we hie us to the *sal-oon*, take the place of honor by the right hand of *le bon capitaine*, and forgetting to be lady-like in our onslaught, "pitch in," as the college boys say, to the feast before us, worthy of Soyer himself. (I wonder how they do manage to get up such good suppers on a steamboat every day, and all days?) We may have left up stairs a "feast of reason and a flow of soul;" but here we have a most reasonable feast, and like the change, which after all *is* the spice of life.

Then when we have satisfied our inner (wo) man, comes more walking on the upper-deck, beneath the stars, with a long, happy talk of the years gone by, when we stood here with such and such a one, now but a memory; and as we talk we watch the ships' lights, coming and going as we near and pass them. Then with a gay good-night, bundle into our state-rooms, as pleasant as it is possible to expect on a steamboat. We pass Point Judith without "minding of it"—for the old dame is in a quiet mood to-night—we sleep, without "minding" that either, when suddenly comes the midnight cry of "passengers for Newport." Then the bustle of preparation, the hauling in of ropes, more dreadful bell ringing, and ere we well know what has come to us, we are whirling up the long wharf to our "Fonda," as the Spanish call a hotel. Which it shall be this year, I dinna ken. The Fillmore has always sufficed for other years, but now we will go wherever the least Shoddy and Petroleum are stored, for we come for fresh (nay, salt) air, and to find strength and new life for all the coming year, and cannot waste the precious time in strife about fine dress, and anxious care to rival the jewels and equipages of our moneyed associates; we want good, not evil.

In the quiet of my room, in *robe de nuit* I stretch my hands out to the balmy air, singing in a low, glad voice—that He has let me come where so much good awaits me—my "Gloria In Excelsis." So much good!—joy for the present strength, and new life for the future lie in this sea-girt isle, with its wealth of beauty. What can one want that this Eden spot, this "Paradise of America"—as it is aptly called, does not afford? How its beauties, and its pleasures loom up before me—the walk to "Lily Pond," the drives, the walks, the pic nic delights, whose names are legion all over the island, the "Forty steps," "Paradise," "Purgatory," the "Second Beach," and—but pause we here, their name, I said, was legion.

How softly into my window steals sweet and low the whispered song of the syrens on the sea-shore—wooing me out—how fondly their white arms beckon me to creep out in this dim—this *morgen licht*, and clasp them in a warm embrace.

Ah, mio! sweet voices, I may not follow you, I must rest in quietness a little while, *la point de jour* is almost here, and ere it comes, and this starlight radiance has hidden its lustre in the bosom of that dawning day, sweet, sister hearts *fur wheel gut night.* In a dreamy mood as I lie my head upon the pillow I sing Rose Terry's song—this verse at least—

The salt wind kisses into rest
Both languid eye and fervent breast,
The cool, gray rock, with sea-weeds drest,
Gives shadows still with strength.

But, as I seem to have touched with a gliding step the land of sleep, a stream of sunlight through the shutters awakens me to broad daylight, and out of dreamland to the city of realities. But ere full consciousness comes back my dream of bliss remains, and with the thought another verse of Hieno comes to my lips. 'Tis morning surely:

"Now, I may wander on the strand,
Where the wild surf roars and raves,
And there full many a gentle word,
Soft spoken by the waves."

But, as I rise comes memory, it is a dream! ah Dios! a dream; wearily my gaze falls upon—no Newport scenes—but, upon the familiar garniture of my own room, I love the dear old room right dearly, but in present mood I could turn iconoclast and break my idols one by one. My Greek, in her dusky corner, mocking me with the white limbs of a sea-syren. I could find it in my heart to despoil my Venus Aphrodite, of her white gleaming beauty, as she stands with her voluptuous roundness, cold to my longings!—nay, that is false, I could not harm thee, my beauty! were thou a thousand times less beautiful, for thou, too, pineth for the sea, from which thy gracious loveliness arose. "My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten," ere even the thought of harming thee came over me. Such sacrilege!

Oh dreams! false, fleeting dreams! Ye fade into nothingness, and leave a pang behind.

"Those sun-dyed fancies, airy reveries,
Freaks of imagination, waking dreams,
Ephemeral fantasies of playful hues,"

all fade away and leave a dreary waste.

Ah! Lady Butterfly Inc, who basks beneath the happy sun-light of prosperity, fluttering your life away, be glad for the joys God gives you, and cast one pitying glance on your sisters in the shade; and then be glad your shadows have not come as yet—they will come, dear heart, soon! I have had my summer days, and yet this autumn-tide has found me. But God is very good, and perchance an Indian summer yet may fold me in its loving clasp, a happy

MARGARET.

Gadall Gleanings.

REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ERAW.

Aunty Scranton Laments for her Husband.

Wall, Sook, don't it beat the Dutch what changes four or five years does bring about? I can't skursely bliev I'm myself, sometimes, when I git tew thinkin' on't. Jest tew look back 'n see! Fust there come the war. Then yer par, poor dear, what does he up 'n dew but git a patriotic streak 'n go right off 'n jine the sojers, 'n put in his biggest licks tew help whip the rebs. It's funny how they come tew take 'im when he was so much past forty-five—but then agin taint so funny arter all, fur yer par—poor, dear old soul—didn't look as ef he was more 'n forty, with his hair 's thick 's a mop, an' as black 's a pot, an' hadn't a gray hair intew it, an' his back 's straight 's a stack-pole, an' as limber 's a fishin' rod, an' he as stout 'n glib 's a boy. Tell ye what, Sook, there aint many men o' fifty 't begins tew look 's young 's yer par did, poor creetur. You see he come of a long-lived, healthy family—Bennydad did—a family 't never knew nothin' about gray hairs nor bald-heads, nor no sich. Now there was Gran'mammy Scranton, old Daddy Scranton's mother—you don't remember her, Sook—yuster live on the Slack farm it's called now, before the hull scrape o' the Scrantons pulled up stakes 'n went off up country—now *she* was eighty-odd 'n over—so I've hearn old Daddy Scranton say—when she died, an' she was as spry 's a kitten, an' her hair was as black an' as shiny as a gal's—never yuster wear no cap, bless ye no—didn't need none, an' she was as straight as a stick, an' as the Apostle Paul says of Moses in the sacred writ, "Nyther was her nat'ral strength abated."

What's that, Sook? "Paul couldn't a' said it o' Moses?" Why I'm sure Moses couldn't 'a said it of himself, an' it's in one o' the books 't folks says 't Moses writ, so now then who could 'a writ it of not the Apostle Paul? Paul was reckoned among the smartest on 'em, and Paul an' Moses both lived in old times, an' it's clear tew *my* mind 't when Moses died Paul took holt 'n finished the job. Come now, don't you be a fetchin' me up so! I don't like it, an' I won't stan' it.

Le' me see—what was I a speakin' about—you put me all eout so—oh, I was a sayin' t' yer poor par looked a dretful deal younger 'n he really was, an' that 't warnt no sich wonder arter all, 't they took 'im intew the army. Then tew he went off tew the city tew 'list, an' they didn't know 'm there, an' so he passed muster 'thout no trouble at all. Ther was a big bounty ter volunteers then, an' besides he went as a substitoot fur a mighty rich man in the city, an' so got the bounty 't the man would 'a got, an' four or five hundred dollars fur goin' instid o' ——— what *be* you a sayin' now, Sook? "Ef the man got a substitoot 'twas cause he was drafted?" What's that? "A substitoot fur a drafted man couldn't be a volunteer?" The deary sus! I never *see* nobody so quick tew pick flaws in a body's talk as you be! I say yer par *did* volunteer, cause he went of his own accord, an' he *did* go as a substitoot, cause the man paid 'im ever so much fur goin' in 'is place—an' then he had 'is sojers wages, an' he's ben a savin' on 'em tew, an' then there's ben the pension sense he died—poor dear old soul—it's a year now, an' it seems a awful long time—an' there was the money fur rations while he was prisoner, an' altogether I reckon it's as much 's a thousand dollars slick 'n clear. That's more 'n he'd a made in four years ef he'd a staid tew hum, Sook. That ain't a bad addition tew the money we put eout at intrest—that five thousand dollars 't we got fur the farm—is it, Sook? Then there's this house 'n lot, they dew say 't this is wuth 'a much 's fifteen thousand dollars sense the war has fetched things up so. The house ain't so very stylish to be sure, but then the lot is in a desirable situation—that makes it wuth more. I s'pose a third o' the hull property 'll be yourn—I dunno as Malerky 'll want his share on't he's a dewin' so well sense he married 'Squire Crimp's darter, an' the 'Squire took 'im later the army contractin' business, an' they've made sich a fortin'—why Malerky's wuth 'is thousands an' has got old 'Squire Crimp ter back 'im besides. I expect he 'n his wife lives like princes. I'm a goin' up there tew visit 'em 's soon 's I can make things come round right here tew hum. I want Jack ter git back from the army—you say he 's a comin' every day, now—an' yoe 'n he ter be off my hands, settled down, or o' boardin' out, or somethin'—what say? "You 'n he 's a goin' hum tew yer Mother Cole's ter board?" Wall that 'll dew 's well 's anything, I guess, though old Mother Cole she 's poor 's a church mouse, anybody knows that—an' I don't s'pose Jack 's made much out in the army what with 'is bein' sick 'n chawin' an' smokin' sich a mighty sight o' terbaccer. What's that? "Chawin' an' smokin' ain't no wuss 'n snuffin'?" Yis they be, naster by half an' more wastefuler, fur my snuff don't cost me only a mere trifle a year, an' folks 'at chaws 'n smokes, wastes more money in a week 'n I dew in six months. Then you must up 'n twit me o' snuffin'! Sook, I dew say for 't you *be* the sarcliest thing 't I ever *did* see. Ef you warn't a married woman I dew b'lieve to my soul I'd box yer ears. I hope ter massy Jack 'll hurry up 'n come hum, an' take yo out o' the way. You 'n I don't hitch hosses, no way. It grows wuss 'n wuss.

What *d'you* say? "That's so!" you good for nothin' trollop! Yis it is so, more's the pity. How I *have* tried tew make somethin' on ye, Sook, an' then how you allers *would* spile it all! I never *could* larn ye how ter manage an' put the best foot fust. What a splendid match you might a made fur yerself, or I might a made fur ye, of you'd on'y a heerd to me an' gin William Sharpe incouridgement. William sot his eyes by ye, he did, an' you wouldn't so much 's look pleasant at 'im, an' he was as rich as a Jew. You might a had a splendid house, an' a fine

kerridge, an' everything harnsome tew wear, an' never had tew dew a stroke o' work, fur Willum was a on'y son, an' now the old folks is dead, all the property would a ben yourn, an' you could a' done anything you'd a minter with it. What? "Willum warn't half-witted?" He was *rich*, I tell ye, an' 'peared very well, an' allers dressed like a gentleman. I never see nothin' out o' the way on 'im, I'm sure. "You couldn't a loved 'im?" Massy sakes! love! love is all humbug. All ther is in love is 't folks want somebody ter make much on 'em, an' take care on 'em, an' look out fur their wants; an' I'm sure Willum would a made enough o' you ef you'd on'y let 'im; an' then ter think 't you sh'd go off, an' marry that poor little, humbly little, mean little, poverty-struck little, contemptorble little Jack Cole! I s'pose ye can *love him!* Wall, love won't keep the porridge hot, nor shingle a leaky ruff. It makes me *mad* ter think 't Jack 'll have the handlin' of a third of our property. He shouldn't a married ye not ef I could a hendered it. What in natur you wanted 'im fur *I* never could see.

What be you a sayin'? "He's smart, an' you love 'im, an' won't set an' see 'im aboosed?" Wall, I never! Now ye needn't go off in a mad fit. I hadn't done a talkin' tew ye about yer par's goin' ter war. Fur 's much 's a year afore he went, he uster be sulky an' onsociable when he was alone with me—he was tew proud ter show it before anybody—wouldn't skursely never say nothin' tew me thont's he couldn't git round it. Wall, I stood it 's long 's I could—of course I wouldn't say nothin' tew you nor nobody about it not fór the world. So one day—'twarn't so very long after the war broke out—'t was jest mebby a week afore yer par went off—so one day I says ter him, says I, "Bennydad, what in natur makes ye act so strange like?"

He looked at me much as a minute, so kinder queer. I see he didn't mean ter have no words with me no how—'twas just before we sold that are farm—old Cap'n Toothaker 'd been a dunderin' on 'im fur some time ter sell it—the cap'n had throwed up sea-goin', an' wanted ter buy a farm near the village, an' settle down fur the rest o' his life in a quiet place; said 'is children was all married off 'cept 'is wife an' 'is youngist darter, an' they'd all got tired o' the city, an' 'is wife, Miss Cap'n Toothaker, she'd been a visitin' the Poppleses, an' she'd ben ter the farm in strawberry an' cherry time, an' she see ther was a good orchard on the place, an' ivverything snug an' trim—yer par, poor dear, was a mighty good farmer—an' so she told 'er husband, an' he'd ben at yer par about sellin'; but yer par hadn't had no talk with me about it—he'd on'y jest mentioned it in a gineral way at table. Wall, I see't yer par didn' mean ter change no words with me alone, so I at 'im about the farm, an' says he to me, says he,

"Ef the cap'n 'll pay me five thousand dollars down for that are farm, will you sign the deed?"

Says I, "What 'll ye do with the money?"

Says he, "Put it the bank, in course."

Says I, "Bennydad, d' you ever think o' makin' a will?"

"Says he, "What should I make a will fur? Let the law divide my property."

Says I, "That's right, but," says I, "can't ye git another hundred fur that are farm?"

Says he, "Five thousand dollars is mor'n it's worth, an' why sh'd I try ter screw a leetle more money out o' the man 'cause he wants the place?"

Says I, "What d' ye expect ter go inter ef ye sell it?"

Says he, "Will ye sign the deed?"

Says I, "Oh, but tell me what business ye 'tend ter foller, ef ye sell?"

Says he, "Im a goin' ter war."

"The land o' Goshen!" says I.

"Yis," says he.

"They won't have ye," says I, "you're tew old."

"I don't look tew old," says he, "they won't take me to be forty-five."

Says I, "What d' ye wantter go fur, any way? Be you so fond o' fightin' as all that?"

He looked up, an' didn't say nothin' a spell—then he gin a long whistle, an' says he,

"*Miss* Scranton, d' ye remember how you ketched yer husband?"

Oh my gracious goodness, Sook, I felt orfully fur about a minit.

"Then *that's* it," says I, when I'd got my breath.

"Yis, *Miss* Scranton, *that's* it," says he.

I was fairly scairt. Says I, "Sook's ben a lettin' on tew ye about it."

"No she hain't," says he.

Says I, "Bennydad, be you everlastin'ly mad with me?" says I. "Hain't I been a good, savin', thrifty, economical wife tew ye, an' done my best ter help ye git a livin', an' lay up property?"

An' at this, 's true 's the world I begun ter cry.

Says he, "Stop yer snivellin', *Miss* Scranton, ef you'll sign the deed, all right; ef not, then I can't sell the farm, 'cause in the law you're my wife; but, by thunder, I'll make a will so 't you never 'll git holt on't. I shall go ter war of they 'll take me. Ef you 'll sign the deed, I'll sell the farm, an' put the money in bank; an' ef I die tew the war, I'll let the law divide my property; but ef you go ter bein' contrary, I'll make a will, an' cut you off with nothin' but the barest support. I vum I will."

Wall, I must say, I never was so took back in all my life. He would'nt have nothin ter say ter me alone after that, though he was all smoothe before folks.

An' so the farm was sold an' he went off ter war. I'd a gin' somethin' tew a made up with 'im before he went, but he would'at give me no chance. I tried ter persuade 'im ter git a life insurance, but he on'y cussed the life insurance, an' went off so. It makes me feel awful now, sometimes, when I think on't.

But, then, he's dead 'n gone, and talnt no use to grieve over 't. I wish he hadn't never went off mad. I wish ter my soul he hadn't; but then he did 'n I cant help it. He allers had a awful temper, Bennydad did, when it was up. It took a good eel to rile 'im, but once let 'm git riled, an' oh, my suzzy! how mad he *would* be! An' *sich* eyes!

I think now 't I've ben a good wife ter 'im allers, an' I don't think he orter a got mad so about nothin' with me, specially when what was did couldn't be undid. I know 't of I hadn't a *married* I shouldn't a got 'im for a husband; but then when I *had* got 'im, an' we'd lived together peaceable so many years, I don't see any sense in his gittin' mad ef he *did* find out how I manaed to ketch 'im. Then, tew, *how* he found out I don't see. I think he must a listened at the keyhole when I was a toilin' you about it, Sook, for he said 't *you* didn't tell 'im. He must a listened at the doors or winders, somers, an' I wish I hadn't never told ye about it, Sook. I shouldn't never a told ye this about 'is goin' ter war—I declare for 't, where's my hankercher?—but somehow it kinder sot heavy on my mind, an' I felt jest so ef I must tell somebody about it, an' I knowed you was sure not ter tell on't, fur, with all your faults, ye aint no gabbler, I'll say that much for ye, Sook, anyhow.

There, there, sure's the world, I seen a shadder pass by the winder! Somebody's a comin' through the gate, an', Sook, I believe ter my soul, it's Jack, for I short I seen a soger's uniform. Now they're a knockin'. Sook, run quick an' see of it's Jack.

☞ A laughable story is told of a farmer who thought he saw a man sleeping in his barn, and sent for an officer, who, after providing himself with lantern, handcuffs, and staff, went to the barn, stirred up the figure, lectured it, and threatened it, and ended by discovering that it was the old figure-head of a ship, partly covered with hay.

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HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour is more active. The week's sales reaching about 8,000 bbls, mostly extra family, at $8,25@8,75 for old stock western and Pennsylvania, and $9@10 for fresh ground do, including extras at $7,50@8,50, superfine at $6,50@7,50, and fancy lots at $10,50@11,50 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN comes in slowly. Wheat—About 40,000 bushels sold at $1,85@2,15 for inferior to prime old western and Pennsylvania reds; $1,50@2,10 for new do, and $2,10@2,30 for white, as in quality. Rye is better at $1,10@1,15. Corn—Sales 20,000 bus mixed and yellow to rate at 97@98c, and white at 99@100c. Oats—Sales of 35,000 bushels at 50@52c for new southern.

PROVISIONS—The market for the Hog product is almost at a stand-still, the sales being in a retail way at $34@35 for Mess Pork, and $12@16 ₩ bbl for plain and extra Mess Beef. Bacon is scarce; bagged Hams sell slowly at 23@25c, and Shoulders at 15@15½c. Lard is taken at 23@24c for bbls and tes, and kegs at 24@25c. Butter is dull at 25@28c. Cheese at 15@17c ₩ lb. Eggs are worth 20@22c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market is unsettled; sales of 700 bales at 43@48c for low and good middlings.

BARK is in steady demand to $32,50 for 1st No 1 Quercitron.

BEESWAX is worth 30@31c ₩ lb.

COAL ranges at from $6,50 to $7 ₩ ton on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—The market is firm; sales 600 bags Laguyra, at 21½c cash, in gold, including Rio in small lots at 20@22c, gold, and St. Domingo at 26½c, currency.

FEATHERS—Good Western brings 75c.

FRUIT—Sales are confined to Green Apples and Peaches, chiefly the latter at from $1 to $1,50 ₩ basket with less offering.

HAY—Sales at $20@25 ₩ ton for new and old.

HOPS range at from 30 to 45c ₩ lb.

IRON—The stock of Pig Metal is very much reduced; sales of 5000 tons at $32@40 for No 1, $37@38 for No 2, and $33@36 for No 3, as in quality.

OILS—Petroleum is rather quiet, with sales of 6000 bbls to note, mostly at 51½@52c for refined in bond, and 69@72c for free. Crude is selling at 31½@32c.

PLASTER—Soft is dull at $3,75 ₩ ton.

RICE—Sales at 9½@10½c.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is scarce and wanted at $16@17 ₩ bushel. Timothy is selling at $3½@4½, and Flaxseed at $2,45@2,50 ₩ bushel.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is held at $2,20 to $2,25. Whisky is unsettled at $2,21 to $2,23.

WOOL—There is a fair demand, chiefly in medium and fine fleece, at 70@75c; fub ranges at 68@73c, and low grade at 60@65c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1353 head. The prices realized from $14,00 to 15,00 ₩ 100 lbs. 1900 Hogs at from $15 to 16,50 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 6 to 6½ cts ₩ lb. 110 Cows brought from $25 to 50 ₩ head.

LOVE! LOVE!—How to win the undying love of the fair sex. Sent by mail for 3 cts. Address J. F. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills. aug12-4t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, at Friends' Meeting House, on Sixth street, WILLIAM C. JOHNSON, of Buenos Ayres, S. A., to MARTHA, daughter of Wm. Bettle, of this city.

On the 12th of April, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. HENRY GRANT to Miss EMMA W. MYERS, both of this city.

On the 6th of March, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, DAVID LISTER to RACHEL A. NOBLE, both of this city.

On the 31st of July, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. JOHN BURDT to Miss MARGIE SMITH, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. W. N. Diehl, Mr. THOMAS G. C. BELL to Miss SARAH HARPHAM, of Germantown.

On the 24th of July, by the Rev. Wm. C. Robinson, Mr. ALBERT CALVERLY to Miss LAURA DUGANN, both of this city.

On the 31st of May, by the Rev. K. Goddard, J. DUNBAR HILTON to EMMA D. SILVIS.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, CHARLES CASTER, in his 31st year.

On the 7th instant, MARY ANN, wife of Arthur Stotesbury.

On the 7th instant, ISAAC TOWNSEND, in his 92d year.

On the 7th instant, Mr. JEREMIAH E. EARNSHOW, aged 57 years.

On the 6th instant, MELINDA, wife of Matthias Hans, in her 63d year.

On 1st day, 6th instant, HANNAH T., widow of Danl. Longstreth, in her 85th year.

On the 6th instant, JACOB KNOX, in his 33d year.

On the 5th instant, HERBT ALEXANDER, aged 43 years.

On the 5th instant, THOMAS WARD, Jr., in his 30th year.

On the 5th instant, JOHN STINSON, in his 83d year.

On the 4th instant, Miss SUSAN M. FRENCH, in her 29th year.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH GRAY, in her 81st year.

1865. CARD FOR NEW YEAR. 1865.
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FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA, North College Avenue, Philadelphia. The Sixteenth Annual Session will commence on Wednesday, October 18th, and continue five months. For Announcement, address as above. aug12-4t E. H. CLEVELAND, M. D., Sec'y.

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14	" Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	25
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16	" Fever and Ague, Chill Fever—Old Agues	50
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A LADY who has been cured of great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box 3168, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. je19-1y

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, feb27-tf 109 Nassau street, New York City.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

This favorite of the ladies leads off in its August number with a beautiful steel engraving called "GRANDPA'S DARLING"—the face of the old man, with its deep, thoughtful eyes, strikes us as particularly fine. Among the figures of the colored Steel Fashion Plate, we note a Bridal Dress, very chaste and pretty. The other engravings of this number are, "The Children and the Rain-drops," "Jacket a Bandeaux (front and back view)," "Bonnets," "Gentleman's Shirt," "Grecian Waist with Braces (front and back view)," "Gimp Ornament," "Watteau Skirt Supporter," &c., &c. The Music for this number is the fine piece, "Rest, Noble Chieftain!" We give the

LIST OF CONTENTS FOR AUGUST.

STEEL PLATE.—Grandpa's Darling
COLORED FASHION PLATE.
ILLUSTRATIONS:
The Children and the Rain-drops—Jacket a bandeaux, (back view.)—Emily.—Jacket a bandeaux, (front view.)—Bonnets.—Dress of Silk or Mohair.
MUSIC—Rest, Noble Chieftain
WHAT I LOOKED FOR AND WHAT I SAW. By FRANCES LEE.
GHOSTLY GLYCINES. By ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.
WAITING. By Mrs. M. F. TUCKER.
MY DILEMMA. By LESLIE WALTER.
IN THE HOSPITAL. By SARAH A. DYER
DARK FANCIES. By "P. E. F."
OH, BOUNDLESS, BEAUTIFUL SEA! By PHILA. R. CASE.
STORIES OF OUR VILLAGE. By BEATRICE COLONNA.
TO ——
CALIFORNIA WOOING. By KATE HOWE.
SHADOWS. By EDWIN R. MARTIN.
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CULLACH. By Mrs. M. RICHIE.
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These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

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Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

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SEND 5 CENTS to Box 3346, St. Louis, Mo., for Our Sealed Circular. jy15-4t

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Dirty Old Shawl.

A lady acquaintance lost a valuable shawl. A short time after the shawl had been missed, a little girl, evidencing an ancestral poverty, without the "respectable" accompaniment, rounded to in the presence of the owner of the missing shawl, and the stolen garment was at once recognised.

"Little girl," said the lady, "where did you obtain that shawl?"

"My father bought it for me," was the ready reply.

Said the lady,

"I will go with you to your father, and ascertain where he purchased that shawl."

The little one objected to this proposition. Party of the first part was unyielding in the desire to see the male parent. Every stratagem peculiar to inventive genius was vainly resorted to, when the youngster, in the desperateness of her case, pulled the stolen garment from her shoulders, and throwing it at its lawful owner, said—

"Take your old dirty shawl; it's not a fashionable one, any way!"

Wouldn't Come a Second Time.

C———, now of California, was for a time secretary of the state of Illinois. One day, during the legislative vacation, a meek, cadaverous looking man, with a white neckcloth, introduced himself to him at his office, and stating that he had been informed that Mr. C——— had the letting of the hall of representatives, he wished to secure it, if possible, for a course of lectures he desired to deliver in Springfield.

"May I ask," said the secretary, "what is to be the subject of your lectures?"

"Certainly," was the reply, with a very solemn expression of countenance. "The course I wish to deliver is on the second coming of the Lord."

"It is of no use," said C———, "If you take my advice, you will not waste your time in this city. It is my private opinion that if the Lord has been in Springfield once, He will never come a second time."

Joke on a Minister.

A young fellow was taking a sleigh-ride with a pretty girl when he met a Methodist minister who was somewhat celebrated for tying the knot matrimonial at short notice. He stopped him, and asked, hurriedly—

"Can you tie a knot for me?"

"Yes," said Brother B———, "I guess so; when do you want it done?"

"Well, right away," was the reply; "is it lawful, though, here in the highway?" asked the wag.

"Oh, yes; this is as good a place as any—as safe as the church itself."

"Well, then, I want a knot tied in my horse's tail, to keep it out of the snow!" shouted the wicked wag, as he drove rapidly away, fearing lest the minister, in his profane wrath, should fall from grace.

A Fork.—A foot traveller, whose feet were of prodigious size, on stopping at a country tavern for lodging, asked the landlord for a boot-jack wherewith to remove his muddy boots. After surveying his foot with much deliberation, the landlord declared that there was no boot-jack on the premises that would be half big enough for him.

"Perhaps you've got a forked stick, or somethin', then," suggested the traveller.

"No—there's nothing that would answer," replied the landlord.

"What's a feller to do, then?" despondingly asked the traveller.

"I'll tell you," answered the landlord, brightening up with a new idea; "just go back, and pull 'em off with the *fork* of the road."

A Bright Child.—"Father, what makes Ben, our milk-man, walk so funny?"

"Why, Milly, you see, he froze his feet so badly once that the doctors had to cut all his toes off."

"Indeed, father—then why is Ben like a well-known and mean-spirited soldier?"

"Really, my child, I don't know—can't think."

"Why, don't you see?—he is a *no-toe-rious* cow-herd, Ben is."

"Milly, Milly, child—you'll get married some day."

Talleyrand.—There are a set of men who are continually boring people for autographs; few have the talent of refusing them with politeness. Talleyrand, being once asked a similar favor by an English nobleman, promised to send him one in a few days, and thus kept his word. He sent him an invitation to dinner: "Will you oblige me with your company to dinner, on Wednesday next, at eight o'clock? I have invited a number of exceedingly clever persons, and do not like to be the only fool among them."

☞ The following is the verdict of a negro jury: "We the undersigned, being a korner's jury to sit on de body of de nigger Sambo, now dead and gone afore us, hab been sittin' on de said nigger aforesaid, and he did on de night ob de fusteenth of November, come to def by fallin from de bridge ober de riber in de said riber, whar we find he was subsequently drown, and a'terwards washed on de ribber side, whar we s'pose he was frose to def."

So am I.—There is nothing more damaging than the witness that proves too much. Miss Edgeworth tells us somewhere of an Irish peer, who, travelling in France with a negro servant, directed him, if questioned on the subject, always to say his master was a Frenchman. He was punctiliously faithful to his orders; but whenever he said, "My massa a Frenchman," he always added, "So am I."

Generous.—"Oh," exclaimed an honest fellow, bewailing the trouble of a friend, "I'd give half my life for the poor fellow."

"Yis," answered a regular son of Erin. "Yis, I'd be afther swearin' yez always ready for that; but if yez would, sure an' it's the half yez is done wid."

Loving, Very.—"Oh, mother," said a very little child, "Mr. S——— does love Aunt Lucy—he sits by her, he whispers to her, and he *hugs* her."

"Why, Edward, your aunt does not suffer that, does she?"

"Suffer it! yes, mother—she *loves* it."

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Arabella.—"Now, Charley, dear, *do* have a little courage. When *I* have a powder to take, *I* don't like it any more than you do—but I make up my mind that I *will* take it, and I *do!*"

Charley.—"And when *I* have a powder to take, I make up my mind that I *won't* take it, and I *don't!!!*"

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Cider Making.

As there will be several fruit growers beginning to manufacture cider from early apples by the time these remarks will reach the public market, we beg the privilege of offering a few hints and suggestions upon the subject, hoping a good many people who make cider, either to sell or for home consumption, will read, remember, experiment, and finding the plans profitable and pleasant, continue the practice.

Now, a great many people seem to have an idea that apples so crabbed, wormy, rotten, and utterly worthless, that a well bred hog will have nothing to do with them, answer well enough to make cider to sell. That is a mistake, Mr. Cider Maker. In ignorance we may purchase *once* your musty, insipid, turgid, liberally watered verjuice. But we wont bite the second time. In the long run, the best profit lies in making *good* cider, even to sell.

For cider making purposes it is not essential that the fruit should be of the quality, and selected with the care required, for good marketable eating, or cooking apples, but that they should be sound, and that scrupulous cleanliness should be observed in all the process of cider making, is as absolute a necessity as good material and neatness in manufacture are to the production of good butter. No really good cider can, by any possibility, be achieved from apples half, or a quarter, or a tenth, or a twentieth rotten. Of course, the greater the proportion of rotten fruit, the nearer worthless will be the juice, but even ten decayed apples to the bushel of sound ones constitute a curse never to be tolerated.

Then cleanliness, and the best condition of purity in press, mill, casks, and all implements used in the manufacture, is to be considered. With a mill gummed and fouled, and a press glued over and soured with the *debris* of last year's work, it is utterly impossible to make first-class cider, however unexceptionable the fruit may be. And yet such are often used. Not only the machinery and implements used in the manufacturing, but all the casks and vessels into which the juice is to be put ought to be thoroughly cleansed and sweetened, either by washing with a solution of soda—say a pound of sal soda to eight gallons of pure, soft water, or by fumigation with sulphur.

We have seen a sample of cider making within a week that was simply abominable. The knotty, wormy "wind falls," half rotten, were raked into heaps under the trees, shovelled into baskets along with a liberal per centage of worms, bugs, crippled grasshoppers, leaves, twigs, and half rotted litter, ground in a mill from which were falling great flakes of last year's pumice, composted in a filthy press, with two or three armfuls of straw that had served two big dogs for a bed, the juice caught in a vat coated all over inside with dead flies, and uncooked apple sauce left since last cider making, and finally the liquid filled into casks reeking with the fumes of stale vinegar. Within three days that nectar would be found in city drinking saloons, and on corner fruit and cake stands, labelled *Pure Sweet Cider*, and greedily absorbed by city innocents, at five cents the *small glass*—the smaller the better, we should say.

Our advice, founded upon some practical knowledge of cider making, is to gather up the apples by hand, discard all rotten or half rotten ones, dash over the apples water liberally, to wash off insects, sand, dirt, and a good deal of the impurity that adheres to all fallen apples more or less, grind the pumice as fine as possible—as the finer you grind, the more juice you get out. Press immediately—apple juice is not like the juice of the grape, anything improved by remaining with the pumice after being ground. Use casks of about forty gallons, perfectly clean and sweet, and after the juice has stood from three to six days—according to the temperature of the weather, all the time with the bungs out, put into each cask half a pint of brown mustard seed and two ounces of pulverized saltpetre. Bung the casks up tight, place them in a cool cellar, and the result will be very good cider until you make cider again next year, provided you do not overdraw your deposits during harvest time.

For cider and all wine-making purposes, Hickox "Key Stone" Cider Mill and press combined, is probably superior to any other mill in use. It grinds finer, with infinitely less power, presses cleaner, is light, portable, compact, simple, durable and cheap. Our last word of advice to cider makers is buy and use the "Key Stone Cider Mill."

"Hay Cars."

The editors of the *Maine Farmer* are practical, sensible experimentalists—that's the style of men needed for commanders of agricultural journals everywhere. We always lay hold of the *Maine Farmer's* editorial hints and suggestions with avidity, read, reread, and plant our faith upon them. So do a great many others, we should say, judging from innumerable "credits" to the *Maine Farmer* that we find in our agricultural exchanges.

Here is one of the experiments of these wide-awake away-"down-east" editors, with a few practical suggestions following, well worthy the attention of all who contemplate ever cutting an acre of grass for hay. It is something late in the season for this year's utility of the *Maine Farmer's* "shelter tents" for hay, but there is a long winter of comparative leisure ahead, affording a capital chance for their manufacture, and they will be needed next haying season.

Hay Cars.—We have tried the experiment of making a new protection for hay against the rain. It is in fact a regular shelter tent. We took wide shingles sawed four feet long, nailed them at the butt on a stick for a ridge pole in the same way long shingles were formerly put on the roof of barns by lapping the edges under the other about an inch, and nailing through the top to the stick. Nailed on to each side of the stick, they form a house, or rather tent. Let the first row project above the ridge-pole two or three inches. The whole weight is about that of a small sized baby. The ridge-pole should be about six feet long so as to make a handle on each end for carrying them about. They can be packed in nests when not in use. They cost but a few minutes' work to make one, and the expense for material is about fourteen cents apiece. If any young farmer does not know how the shingles are laid, let him ask the first farmer he meets who is sixty years old, and he will tell him. Pins may be attached to the lower part of the tent as in cloth caps.

So long as cotton cloth is so high, we believe a very cheap and good substitute can be furnished in the *shingle hay tent*. The value of hay is much affected by wet, as every farmer knows, while some such protection, as we propose, will enable the haymaker to take better advantage of his work. We believe that a light covering like this tent can be employed with great advantage while all crops are going through the drying process. How convenient they would be to put over a barrel of apples in the orchard, while harvesting.

Honey Making.

Earnest and eager enough are we as a general rule in money making pursuits—often enough, however, missing the most direct cut to plethoric portemonnaies and going by indifferent, round-about ways to wealth.

Now we have an opinion that honey making and money making are synonymous at this time, there being only half a step between making the honey and pocketing the money—and at a round rate, too, for the commodity.

Honey is a necessary luxury, that we are not quite willing to dispense with, but are perforce obliged to very nearly, for the simple reason that only the liquid, strained, contaminated, and adulterated foreign abomination only is to be obtained, and that at ruinous rates. Even the pure *looking*, neatly put up Shaker, "Lebanon" honey, in half-pint flasks, sold by grocers at three "levies," is very unlike the delicate, pure, toothsome sweet in the comb, we would like to get three times a week, and perhaps discover in our markets twice a year. Yesterday we made a discovery in one of the Philadelphia markets, for the first time in four months, a tin pan of tolerably fair looking honey in the comb—price *—sixty two cents* per pound.

Now, as the production of honey at fifteen cents per pound affords a handsome profit, the inference is rather clear that at *sixty two* cents the producing of honey is money-making direct. Even at thirty cents per pound, there is no other investment that any one living within a reasonable reach of market can make yield so handsomely. The outlay for stock and fixtures with which to inaugurate the enterprise, is inconsiderable, the expense of keeping the stock nothing, the care and labor, under judicious management, trifling, and the material always in demand.

A garden spot of an acre, out in the country, will maintain a colony of a dozen or two swarms of bees, as well as a domain of five hundred acres. The indomitable little honey-gatherers are free commoners, going far abroad for their sweets, subsisting on public sufferance, and hoarding up precious stores free of cost.

Agricultural Fairs.

There is an apathy among our farmers in general, with regard to agricultural exhibitions, that is almost criminal. About two-thirds, probably, of all our cultivators of the soil take less interest in a state or county fair than they exhibit in the prosperity of some vagabond six-penny show or an itinerant circus company.

This is all wrong, as every man who cultivates an acre of land, breeds fifty dollars worth of any kind of stock for sale, or manufactures implements of husbandry of any sort, may have his area of education enlarged by attending these industrial agricultural annual gatherings, and keeping his eyes and ears open for information. Two days' attentive attendance upon any one of our state or county agricultural fairs is of more worth to the practical farmer or mechanic than six months' schooling at the best agricultural college in the country, as at present conducted.

Besides, it is the imperative duty of every farmer to produce every year some commodity that he is not ashamed to place on public exhibition for the benefit of the community.

Our fairs are almost always judiciously held at a season of the year when our agriculturists are most at liberty from hurrying farm-work, and our delvers in the soil everywhere will find it infinitely to their advantage to attend one or two of these public schools the present season.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Madeline's Kitchen Cabinet.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Out in the Garden.

My customary hour's exercise with a hoe-handle out here in our kitchen-garden, having within these ten minutes expired, there are still a few of the garden thoughts begotten of the late exercise vividly in my mind, and it occurs to me, Why not jot them down while the impressions are good? Why not say something of the outside, as well as the inside of the kitchen? Our garden-grown material is destined to come to us through the kitchen—so what objection can there be to our devoting some little attention to it occasionally while it remains outside? I see none, and I am going to continue the practice until some one stops me. So let us begin our next out-door exercise with

Training Tomatoes.

There is just as much in the training of a tomato-vine as there is in training juvenile humanity. If you intend to make exemplary men and women out of small boys and girls, you must begin early and train judiciously. So if you expect to get the earliest, fairest, best-flavored tomatoes your vines are capable of producing, you must begin early and train correctly.

Tomatoes—Ah! I should be pleased to learn why a great many otherwise well-bred people *will* persist in calling them "tomats," and "tummatiuses," and *toe-martyrs?* Now, if toma-to does not spell tomato, in the name of nonsense, what does it spell? Just as much sense in saying *potato*, or *puttattuses*, or *poe-tar-ters*, for potatoes. Well, as I was going to say, if I had not run off the track, tomatoes should have their training commenced early, and continued attentively during the season, if the best results are to be looked for.

The labor is not tedious, however, or continuous. I am going to give my practice for last year and the year before, and for several years past—the one I am going to follow this season, and as I have always found it satisfactory, I have an idea that every one else will, who can be induced to adopt the plan.

When the plant is a foot in height, it begins to look for support. Then I procure plastering lathes four feet long, (round sticks or split ones answer just as well,) and drive say six of them a few inches into the ground, in a circle a trifle larger than the circumference of a nail keg. Then I take the hoops from the old nail kegs that are always knocking about in the way, and gathering in the stakes at the top, pass the hoops—three of them down over the circle, tying the lower one to each stake a foot from the ground. The second hoop goes a foot higher, and the third one another foot, and all tied like the lower one. Thus I have a firm, stout cage for each plant, that with proper care will last four seasons.

Whenever the vine has set its stand for fruit, before it blossoms, I nip off with my scissors the shoots that project beyond the flower sets.

This practice is continued at intervals throughout the season. As soon as the fruit has begun fairly to make, and are the size of large peas, i. e., the earliest of them, I begin to apply the scissors freely to the foliage—cutting away the leaves so as to expose the fruit fully to the sun.

Ladies that are not afraid or ashamed to work, and carpenter and tinker up things in the kitchen-garden occasionally, please try my training on a plant or two sometimes. I am sure you will be pleased with the results.

Bleaching Cucumbers.

I procured a dozen common glass tumblers, the deepest I could find, and over each one I drew a close-fitting bag made of old woolen rags fit for nothing else.

Then I went among the cucumber vines as soon as they came into bearing, with my basket of *bagged* tumblers, and whenever I found a nice, fair cucumberling the thickness of a clay pipe stem, I laid the little fellow carefully in his glass house that he might live wholly in the shade, excluded from the light, raised clear of the earth, and finally come to the table a greatly improved cucumber.

The result was that I had my cucumbers bleached almost as white as eggs, solid almost to the centre, hard, crisp, few seed, and these very small, deliciously flavored, and entirely free from the disagreeable early taste that detracts so much from the excellence of cucumbers in general.

For pickling I cut the cucumbers when at the proper size, and treat them otherwise as pickles are usually treated.

My dozen tumblers afford sufficient bleaching capacity to supply our household of six persons. If a larger supply is needed double the dose of tumblers.

My neighbors and visitors frequently inquire in this way—

"My dear Madeline, *do* tell how it is that you always have such superior, white, beautiful cucumbers and pickles?"

I always tell them—"*Tumblers.*" And now that I have told everybody publicly, I hope to hear one of these days that some one else besides Madeline have been tumbler training their cucumbers.

THE RIDDLER.

Geographical Enigma.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 37 letters.
My 6, 13, 11, 29, is one of the United States.
My 7, 9, 25, 35, 9, is a county in Kentucky.
My 34, 2, 16, 20, is a town in Illinois.
My 23, 7, 30, 24, 27, 9, 21, is a river in Missouri.
My 3, 33, 5, 10, 19, is a lake in South America.
My 14, 7, 4, 17, 15, 9, is a county in New York.
My 34, 11, 1, 37, 36, 21, 7, 30, 12, is a city in Pennsylvania.
My 3, 18, 9, 13, 22, is a peak of North America.
My 25, 3, 4, 11, 9, 18, 25, 36, is one of the United States.
My 26, 35, 22, 17, 6, 9, is a city in the Eastern States.
My 32, 20, 16, 29, 9, is a lake of North America.
My 19, 23, 11, 18, 31, 35, is a river emptying in the Ohio.
My whole is what you can and should do.

S. B. McGIBBONEY.

Eckmansville, Ohio.

Enigma.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 5 letters.
My 3, 4, 5, transposed, is a plant.
My 4, 2, 1, 5, transposed, is sometimes an adjective.
My whole is an article of food. MAUD.

Riddle.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 4 letters.
Omit my first, and I am a continued line.
Omit my second, and I am an animal.
Omit my first and second, and I am an obligation.
Omit my fourth, and transpose, and I am a fabulous bird.
My whole is something used in moving heavy weights, a species of bird, and a sound of boasting or triumph. EMILY.

Baltimore, Md.

Charade.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

My first the lips will oft repeat,
When parted friends return;
It rises 'mid the scenes of joy,
And wails above the urn.
When thunder rolls across the sky,
When riot stirs the air,
Or hostile armies battle wild,
My second lingers there.
My whole was known in ancient lore,
A God of wond'rous power,
Who from his home "the trembling gate,"
Ruled in each battle hour.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Problem.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

A solid globe of glass eight inches in diameter, to be blown into a hollow globe with the shell one-eighth (⅛) of an inch in thickness. Required, the diameter of the hollow globe, and how many gallons of wine will it hold.

Meadville, Pa. A. S. DAVIS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The force of attraction below the surface of the earth being directly as the distance from the centre, required to determine the greatest velocity acquired, and the time, performed in a heavy body of 1,125 lbs. in falling from the surface, through a perforation made straight through the centre of the earth, abstracting from the effect of the earth's rotation, and supposing it to be a homogeneous sphere of 7,930 miles diameter. MORGAN STEVENS.

Round Grove, Scott Co., Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Arithmetical Problem.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

My age, if multiplied by three,
Two-sevenths of that product tripled be;
The square-root of 2-9 of that is 4—
Now tell my age, or never see me more.

R. M. LOVELL.

☞ An answer is requested.

Table Dishes.

☞ What dish may you always conclude to have been stolen, no matter on whose table you meet with it? Ans.—Poached eggs.

☞ If a man were in want of a situation, what fish would be most acceptable to him? Ans.—A good pla(i)ce.

☞ Which is the silliest dish you can put on the table? Ans.—Gooseberry-fool.

☞ Which is the merriest? Ans.—Capersauce.

☞ Which is the quickest? Ans.—Hasty-pudding.

☞ And which the coolest? Ans.—Ice-cream.

☞ And which may you suppose the cook to have prepared in a regular bad temper? Ans.—Whipped cream.

☞ Which dish is named after one of the fathers of the human race? Ans.—Ham.

☞ And which after a country in Europe? Ans.—Turkey.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Destiny. ENIGMA—Liard. RIDDLE—The Declaration of Independence. CHARADE—Coal oil.